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NOTHING TO LOSE

An Australian thriller of tense action with a dramatic climax.

JUDITH TURNER smiled as she fastened the orchids to her coat, and glanced into the full-length mirror with a sort of impersonal curiosity. It was quite a young woman who smiled back at her.

"Well preserved for thirty-five," she thought, satisfied.

Judith lit a cigarette and sank into an armchair to wait for Burk. Dear old Burk! She was lucky to have married him. He was so good-natured and dependable. Not like Ann's husband, Dick Gastoni, a gay philanderer whose superficial witticisms bored after a time.

It was through Burk she had met the Gastons and their smart set, people she felt were really worth knowing. She had been a showgirl at the time of her marriage, but before that—Judith shuddered and drew long upon the cigarette in its expensive holder.

How thankful she was for Burk! He had given her everything she wanted—money, clothes, a car of her own, and this house, a perfect replica of the Turner homestead (now her country home) that had been built by convicts generations ago.

The one matter on which Burk had been really stubborn since their marriage was that the old home should be reproduced exactly, even to the inconveniences of having that huge cold kitchen and the high, box-shaped hall with its gigantic stair-well. And the deep-vaulted cellar, cool as a refrigerator, extending the whole breadth of the house.

When the building was completed they found that the alternative entrance to this cellar, a trapdoor outside the house, coincided with the garden path that led from the smaller gate through the kurrajong trees and masses of verbena and hibiscus between the house and Fraser Avenue. Those kurrajongs gave privacy, the high stone wall security. There was always security with Burk.

Judith heard his car run slowly along the drive and draw up before the door. She thought she could hear voices below. Strolling to the window Judith looked out, but the trees obscured the drive, and the voices were quiet again. From the window she could see the path that led to Fraser Avenue. Molly, one of the maids, was coming up from the cellar.

Awkward that the trapdoor should be in the middle of the path. Dangerous, too. If it were left open, one of the servants might fall down and break her neck. She had spoken to Burk about it, but he did not seem to worry.

She heard the door slam behind her, and then Burk himself walked into the room.

"Hurry, dear," she said, "or we'll be late."

"Judith, darling," Burk said softly. "I'm dreadfully sorry, but I can't go. Fleming called me just before I left the office. There's something wrong at Brisbane—looks like closing our branch there. I'll have to go to-night if I'm to do anything. The plane leaves at eight."

"But Burk — couldn't Fleming or——?"

"No, dear. I shouldn't trust Fleming or anyone else on this job. Our Brisbane connections are too important."

"Must you catch the eight plane?" asked Judith, disappointed. "Oh, Burk! I promised Ann Gaston we'd be there."

"I'm sorry, darling," Burk Turner repeated. "But there's no need to spoil your evening. I have a friend of mine downstairs who is going to the Gastons'. He'll take you there. In fact," he continued with a smile, "I'm appointing him your chaperon in my absence, as I don't know how long I'll have to stay away."

Judith almost reeled when she heard her husband say, "Alan Vane."

"Who is it?" Judith asked casually, then something in her brain seemed suddenly to snap, and she almost reeled, for the name on Burk's lips was "Alan Vane."

Alan! The man she had loved so madly before she had even seen Burk! Judith's rise to her present position was due in part to him, too, spendthrift and wastrel as he was, for he had secured her a job in a revue his friend Hirst was producing. And now he was here. Alan Vane a friend of Burk's! Evidently of the Gastons', too, as he was going to their dinner party.

Judith hoped that he had not even told Burk that he knew her. Or perhaps he did not know whom she had married. It must be twelve years since he had fallen suddenly out of her life to live in Brazil. She wondered whether, when they met, he would love her still, whether, indeed, she herself still cared for him, for twelve years span a long period of forgetfulness when one is married for ten of them to a man in Burk's position. The social round . . .

After ten years, Burk was still passionately fond of her. "It may be weeks, dear," he was saying. Weeks! Centuries! What did it matter? Burk was going away, and Alan had come back. Judith glanced quickly at the clock on the wall. Its tapering chromium hands were pointed exultantly.

"You'll miss the plane!" she cried, with a slight quiver of fear. "And I mustn't keep your friend waiting."

How strange it seemed to keep Alan Vane waiting! Twelve years ago he had asked her to wait for him, for a long time, but she had refused, wanting to grasp happiness as it came, and loathing the thought of waiting ten years or so for any man, even Alan. She tried to compose herself as she descended the stairs, but when Alan stepped forward to greet them she recognised the old thrill she always felt in his presence.

He had changed, of course. He seemed taller and better built than ever in his officer's uniform. His face was maturer looking, although it still bore the wisp of moustache that revealed the slight diabolical twist of his mouth, and over one temple his fine red hair had a narrow streak of grey.

If only he wouldn't mention—perhaps he would not recognise her.

By MARIE ARNE

After all, she knew she had changed considerably. But—

"Judith!" he cried. "So you're the lovely wife Burk's been telling me about! And no wonder—you're looking marvellous!"

"Oh! I didn't know, Vane—" Burk began, but Alan went on heartily. "Oh, yes. We met some years ago. How stupid of me not to associate the two—ah—Turners."

Judith felt relieved as Alan hustled them into Burk's car and kept up a running commentary on his adventures in Brazil. So he had not given her away, after all. She had no cause for fear now. She pressed Burk's arm lightly where it lay linked in her own. It felt solid, secure, like Burk's income, his house, and Burk himself.

The rest of the night passed as though it were a dream. After leaving the airport they went on to the Gastons'. It was a slow drive through the brown-out. Their headlamps were dimmed and shaded, and the road was washed a silvery-grey with starlight, with little occasional pools of yellow under hooded street-lamps. Judith broke the spell of silence that had fallen over them.

"Didn't know you were in the army," she said with an attempt at gaiety.

"More than two years now," Alan replied. "And yes, I've loved it." He laughed. "No need to ask whether you've been happy—you have. Given a reasonable income, and the possibility of advancing your position in life, you could be happy anywhere."

Judith laughed, too. It was all right to laugh with Alan at herself. He knew her so well—better, she thought sometimes, than she herself did. She thought of the night he had come to her before the show, laughing as he was doing now.

"Of course you can dance," he had said. "You're just as good as most of the others, and you've got determination as well. They are professionals. They've been in this ballet for years, and will stay in it until they marry or get too old for it.

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The Lucky One

By Australian Author
MARJORIE PENNINGTON

PUBLIC LIBRARY 2 SEP 1942 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

MAGGIE clattered the last of the heavy buckets onto the dairy floor and straightened her aching back. Thank goodness! The milking was over. Better see about tea now.

At the kitchen door a wave of heat and smoke met her. That old stove—wish they could afford the new one they had been promising themselves for years.

She smiled a little ironically as she looked round the big shabby room, not altered very much since the old homestead days before Jim and she had taken it over. How they had planned transformations! Maggie sighed—somehow the transformations just hadn't happened.

Lil had got away, but then Lil had always been one of the lucky ones. Maggie raised a saucepan lid and peered inside. She seldom heard from Lil now, she thought. Only sister, too—anyone would think she lived in Timbuctoo instead of barely two hundred miles away in the city.

Jim came in. He looked tired. David joining up meant more work on his already overburdened shoulders.

He hung his battered hat on the nail by the door, and crossed to his old chair by the window. As he passed, he paused to lay a big gentle hand on his wife's shoulder.

"Well, Maggie?"

"Well, Jim?"

No more, but there was no need for more between these two. Their glances met and mingled in a long look of deep affection.

Jim carefully lowered himself into the creaking wicker chair and stretched heavily booted feet in front of him.

"There was a big car up near the top gate," he remarked. "Someone mistook his way, I reckon. Wouldn't be anyone for us."

Maggie smiled faintly. "Not very likely."

She bent over the stove, and brushed away a stray lock of hair that straggled down over her hot forehead. That bit of hair had always been a nuisance, especially in weather like this. When the others came in—fourteen-year-old Betsy and the younger Jane, she found herself inspecting them critically. Betsy had a hole in her stocking, her good school stockings, too, and Janey's petticoat was showing. But then that happened about five times a week!

"Must be the heat making things seem worse to-day," Maggie told herself as she turned back to the stove.

Then Bernie clattered up the verandah steps, his face shining with soap and water. His mother supposed that in time she'd get used to the boy coming in alone—but she still found herself listening for Davey whenever Bernie came in. The two had been inseparable, one found oneself saying "Bernie and Davey" with the same ease that one mentioned "bread and butter."

"What's for tea?" demanded the boy, tweaking Betsy's pigtail as he passed. "I hope it's something good. Looks as if the Governor's dropping in to eat with us."

Maggie turned a mild amused eye. Another of Bernie's jokes!

"There's a big car just turned into the yard," the boy went on. "Looks as if we're having visitors."

Maggie dropped the spoon and wheeled round. Her hands flew from straggling hair to disordered apron.

"Oh, Dad," she said, dismayed, "go out and see who it is. Let's hope it is only someone who's driven off his track."

Jim rose, maddeningly unperturbed, and went on to the verandah, his children at his heels. Maggie followed more slowly and stood watching from the doorway. She didn't venture too far out. She was still conscious of her wayward hair—and dimly she thought that she should have tucked Janey's petticoat up before letting the child go out.

Then hair, untidy aprons, and straying petticoats were all forgotten and Maggie gave an incredulous gasp. She ran fleet-footed down the steps, her face aglow.

"Lil!" she cried. "It can't be Lil!"

"Maggie!" The immaculate figure rushed forward and the two women were clasped in each other's arms.

Then Maggie turned a shining face to her family.

"Children," she said excitedly, "it's your Aunt Lil. Oh, Lil, I was thinking about you only a few minutes ago. Look, Jim, she hasn't changed at all, and it must be ten—twelve—how many years, Lil?"

"Nearly fourteen, I should say," said Lil.

The first rush of emotion over she was straightening her hat and adjusting the already faultless lapel of her suit. She glanced round her, and suddenly Maggie again became conscious of her hair, and Janey's petticoat, and Jim's fraying braces. She bit her lip. She knew of old how critical her sister was. Still, it couldn't be helped. She bravely led the way into the house, and anticipated Lil's disparaging glance by a show of nonchalance.

"Afraid the place is in a bit of a mess. You've caught us in our busy season and shorthanded with David away."

Lil did not comment, but Maggie was uneasily conscious of her eyes roving round the living-room.

But tea was quite a pleasant meal. True, Lil was finicky and refused the pie and potatoes, but she explained she was on a diet, so no one felt hurt. After tea they sat out on the verandah, and Maggie relaxed with a long, relieved sigh.

"Oh, it's good to rest," she said contentedly. "I suppose you've forgotten what farm work is like, Lil?"

"Almost, thank Heaven," said her sister. "Frankly, Maggie, you look worn out. Why don't you get her a maid, Jim?"

Maggie was quick in her husband's defence. She protested that she could manage. Jim had wanted to get help—perhaps next year. Inwardly she felt indignant. As though poor old Jim didn't do his best for her, bless him. Why, if Lil's Stephen hadn't struck it lucky with those mining shares years ago Lil herself might be looking a bit worn, too!

Jim stirred uneasily in his chair, sensing an adverse criticism he didn't deserve.

Lil sat up suddenly, an excited note in her usually fretful voice.

"Listen, Maggie," she said urgently, "why don't you come back for a holiday with me? I have to go in the morning, but you could easily come back and stay for a week or a fortnight."

The old verandah chair squeaked a protest as Maggie sat up suddenly. "Oh, I couldn't"—she started to say, then her voice trailed off.

Maggie stood apart, out of place among Lil's fashionable friends.

The prospect was certainly alluring, long weeks away from that stove, from the cows, from Janey's petticoat, and the piles of holey socks. If only—but then there was the township fete coming off in three weeks, she had promised to help; and Betsy was too young to look after the house.

"No, I couldn't," she finished forlornly and slumped back in her chair.

But her sister was not easily turned aside. She appealed to her brother-in-law. "Make her come, Jim," she said.

The man turned to his wife. Lil was making him feel as though it were all his fault that Maggie looked so tired.

"What about it, old girl?" he said. "I think we could manage it."

Maggie protested—but less vigorously.

Then Bernie argued quietly from the verandah steps; and a warm little arm slipped round her neck as Betsy's shy voice declared earnestly that she could help Bernie with the milking.

Maggie felt a slight pricking at the back of her eyes, and she gave the soft arm a tender squeeze.

"All right," she said gaily, "I give in. 'Mum's going to have a holiday."

. . . . . .

As they drove along the road next morning, the two sisters talked of many things. At first Maggie had tried to hide her work-roughened fingers under a pair of well-worn gloves, but as the day grew hotter she discarded these, and soon forgot such things as hands in the thrill of hearing all about Lil's new home on the harbor, and her only daughter Elizabeth just returned from a fashionable boarding school.

"I'm dying to see her," said Maggie, with shining eyes. "It's nice to think you have a Betsy, too. She must be quite grown up now."

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The Lucky One

Continued from page 3

"OH, she is," said Lil, "and Maggie—you won't call her Betsy, will you? Elizabeth hates anything like that."

Late that afternoon they arrived in Sydney; at Lil's place, as Maggie would have said prior to seeing it. But after sweeping up the pretentious drive, and being overwhelmed with impressions of lawns and terraces, and a smart maid opening the door, Maggie didn't quite know what to call it. "Place" was decidedly not the word. Stephen and Elizabeth were not expected in for dinner.

"What a pity you didn't let them know you were coming home tonight," said Maggie sympathetically, and received a strange look from Lil's expressive eyes.

After dinner Maggie was installed in her room. A luxurious room it was, too, with a lovely view. Maggie felt overwhelmed. She had never before seen such a room outside the pages of a magazine. She thought a little enviously of her sister. She wished that Stephen and Elizabeth had been home. Where had Lil said that Stephen was? A late business dinner and staying on in town afterwards? Had she only imagined that strange forlorn look in Lil's eyes when she found he was not coming home?

Maggie gave herself a little shake. Lil was the luckiest thing alive—a lovely home—maids—a wealthy husband—and a sweet only daughter. Smiling sentimentally, Maggie fell asleep.

. . . . . .

When Maggie, having refused breakfast in bed, descended to the dining-room next morning, she found a vision in a blue beach wrap that exactly matched her eyes. She was unbelievably beautiful, and just as unbelievably self-possessed.

"Oh, you must be Aunt Margaret?" she said languidly. "Mother told me this morning you were here. She's eating in bed—be down directly. How do you do, Aunt Margaret?"

Maggie was a little nonplussed, but, after all, the chit was her niece, her own sister's child—why, she'd even spanked her when she was small, so she advanced, and planted a warm kiss on the firm scented cheek.

"Yes, I'm your auntie," she said heartily, "but call me Maggie, my dear. Margaret doesn't sound like me at all. I'm so glad to see you—it's fourteen years since you left Wullapinna."

Elizabeth looked shocked. "Good heavens!" she said, "surely we didn't really come from a place with a name like that? Well, I'm off to have my dip. I only waited to say 'how do you do.' Can you amuse yourself till Mother appears?"

Without waiting for a reply, she was gone, a slim, straight figure, headed for the beach.

Maggie helped herself to coffee. So that's what fashionable boarding schools taught you—and she'd been looking forward to a nice little chat.

She did not see Stephen till the evening, and was surprised at the change in him. He had got fat and developed a habit of not looking at you when he was speaking. But he was kind enough and greeted her warmly, and when they were having an after-dinner coffee out on the terrace said that it was just like old times again.

"You ought to stay longer than a fortnight, Maggie," he urged, "it's company for Lil."

But Maggie protested. "Oh, I couldn't leave the family for longer, and, anyhow, I promised to help with the fete, and they're relying on me."

Stephen laughed a little derisively. "Oh, you country people—with your families and your fetes."

"You're country folk yourselves," reminded Maggie.

He shrugged. "Oh, Lil and I have outgrown that sort of thing," he said airily, "haven't we, Lil?"

His wife was silent for a moment. The strange look was back in her eyes. "I sometimes wish," she said slowly—then her voice trailed off.

"Now, Mother, don't get sentimental," broke in Elizabeth in her crisp young voice. She butted her cigarette and rose. "I must fly—I'm going on to a dance—I'm late already."

Stephen looked up. "Young Morley?" he said meaningly.

His daughter laughed. "Yes, Dad, he's a bit of a drone in many ways—but—well—poppa doesn't exactly stint him."

When she had gone Stephen glanced over at Maggie with triumphant eyes. "Old Morley's practically a millionaire," he said proudly.

"Steve," said Lil, a trifle deprecatingly. "Do you think there's any truth in those tales of Bobbie Morley that are going the rounds? Something about that pretty little maid they had—she left very suddenly, you know."

Stephen frowned. "Nonsense," he said decisively, "just jealous women's talk. Anyhow, the old man's been useful to me, so you'd better not be heard repeating any tittle-tattle, Lil, or we might offend the old chap."

NEXT morning at breakfast Maggie caught Lil looking at her untidy head with a speculative eye, so was not surprised when her sister suggested a visit to "my" hairdresser.

"My" hairdresser turned out to be a slim young elegant who threw himself wholeheartedly into a discussion on razor cuts, Edwardian coiffures, and unswept hair-do's.

Maggie didn't have the heart to discourage them, and submitted to sundry complicated operations with a reasonably good grace. When she was finally released from the drier, she looked in the mirror and gave an involuntary hoot of mirth.

However, her new coiffure seemed to cause no comment at the various functions to which Lil insisted on taking her. All Lil's female friends seemed to be waved and touched up to within an inch of their lives.

Lil seemed to move in a set that went to the same places, did the same things, and even thought on the same lines, because Maggie was always meeting familiar faces on all their little excursions.

After a week of flitting hither and thither, Maggie felt that she had to stay quiet for a while, or her head would keep whirling for the rest of her life. She suggested an afternoon at home. It would be lovely in the garden looking over the harbor—and Lil gave a grudging assent. It seemed that she never liked to be at home, and relaxed, she seemed to hate being alone.

But their peace was short-lived. A horde of Lil's friends descended on them, and soon the air was full of shrill chatter. Maggie stood apart, out of place among this fashionable throng. She tried to talk to them, but somehow they didn't seem to speak the same language. As Christmas was so recently past, it seemed a safe topic, but when she tried to lead the conversation that way her efforts were swept aside as something too positively boring for words.

"Oh, we had dinner at the Splendide, we always do," she was told in answer to a timid question, "All this family reunion business is too dated for words, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," thought Maggie fiercely, but she didn't say it aloud. They wouldn't understand, these brittle city folk.

She turned to Mrs. Forbes-Madigan, whose husband was "something on the Stock Exchange." Maggie knew that her youngest son was with the A.I.F. overseas. Surely soldiers' parcels would prove a fruitful topic here. But Mrs. Forbes-Madigan raised thin eyebrows at mention of packing a parcel and sewing it in canvas, "Oh, my dear," she said amusedly. "I'd never bother to pack one myself. Why don't you just leave your order at a store? They'll send the parcels on. You have no trouble at all." And she went on delicately sipping her tea.

"Trouble!" began Maggie hotly, then stopped. What was the use!

She felt a sudden surprising longing for the old living-room at home, with old Mrs. Henty from across the range, just panting in and plomping into Jim's old chair; loosening her tight shoes and wiggling her cramped toes with a sigh of relief. Then, when she had got her breath, the two of them starting to pack the boys' parcels. Two for the Henty boys—one for David—and another for that boy who'd been working at the Jackson's.

The kind of biscuits that David liked, and that cake that only Ma Henty could make, and a little spray of gumleaves pushed sentimentally down between the tins. Trouble! Every wrapping, every stitch with the coarse canvas needle, every laborious lettering of the strange military address was a labor of pure love.

. . . . . .

Half-way through the second week, during which she had seen Stephen only half a dozen times, and Elizabeth about the same, Maggie began to have an inkling that maybe she hadn't just imagined that forlorn look in her sister's eyes.

It was late afternoon and they had been to a matinee. Lil had suggested dinner in town, the rest of the family were eating out, she said. Stephen had another of his business conferences.

They had reached the sweets when Maggie looked up and saw her brother-in-law at the other end of the long room.

"Oh, Lil, there's Stephen," she cried—then could have kicked herself for a clumsy, tactless fool. For Lil had her back to him and might never have noticed his entrance in the dimness, and now she had turned just in time to see him solicitously helping a slim shining blonde to shed her coat.

Lil turned back quickly and made frantic dabs with her spoon at the cream on her plate, but Maggie could see that her eyes were blinded with tears. She reached over and laid a sisterly hand on the shaking fingers. "Oh, Lil," she said, urgently, "I'm sorry. I would have bitten my tongue out rather than have said anything."

"It's all right, Mag," said Lil, and smiled shakily, "I've known for a long while. He always did prefer blondes, you know. I was one myself once."

"Oh!" Maggie murmured, her heart full of pity for the gallant way that Lil was facing things—she had always been game, though.

AFTER a moment, Lil whispered: "I've seen them several times, you know; let's go home—if we leave by this door he won't see us."

"Won't see us!" Maggie was seething with indignation. "Why shouldn't he see us? I'm certainly going to mention it when I see him at home, that is, if you don't."

"Maggie, please," her sister laid an imploring hand on her sleeve. "Don't do or say anything. You see, I know Stephen, he hates being dictated to. And—Maggie—I've noticed that it isn't always the same girl—so I'm hoping that one day he'll begin to get a bit tired of all this racketing around—and then—" Her voice trailed off, but Maggie understood. One day he'd get tired of racketing around, and remember he had a wife at home, and decide to settle down, but meanwhile——

"I don't know how you stand it, Lil," she said.

Her sister smiled. "You don't know what you can stand till you try," she said dryly. "Maggie, I wonder if you realise how lucky you are!" Maggie started to protest. "Me? Lucky?"—then she thought of those steady grey eyes at home, worried and tired eyes sometimes, but eyes that had never failed her.

She finished surprisedly, "Why, Lil, perhaps I really am."

. . . . . .

As the train pulled out Maggie waved a last farewell, then sat back in the corner of the carriage. First class, and a compartment to herself. Lil had seen to that. Money was certainly an asset sometimes. Sometimes?—but — Maggie's eyes shadowed as she thought how Lil had clung to her as they parted. And Elizabeth—what would happen to Elizabeth?

She had paid her aunt the unprecedented compliment of postponing a morning ride to see her off, and Maggie, greatly daring, had said as she kissed her, "Don't think me an interfering old country woman, Betsy, but love is still quite an important thing in a marriage."

The girl had not seemed to resent such arrant sentimentality, and had given her a long searching look. "I think you may be right, Auntie," she said.

"She's a true girl underneath," thought Maggie. Perhaps things would turn out all right. But then Stephen hated to be crossed in anything, and Lil would never be the one to help her daughter to do it. Poor Elizabeth!

Maggie stood up to open a window and caught sight of her reflection in the mirror. With a snort of laughter she whipped out her comb, and proceeded to do something about that upswept hairline. She must not arrive looking like this.

. . . . . .

Maggie clattered the last of the heavy buckets on to the dairy floor, and straightened her aching back. Thank goodness, the milking was over. Better see about tea now.

She bent over the stove and that stray lock of hair straggled down over her hot forehead. That bit of hair was always a nuisance!

When the others came in, fourteen-year-old Betsy and the younger Jane, their mother eyed them critically. Betsy had a hole in her good school stockings, and Janey's petticoat was showing as usual. Then Bernie clattered up the verandah steps, his face shining with soap and water.

From the old chair by the window came a protesting squeak as Jim stretched heavily-booted feet in front of him.

Maggie's eyes embraced them all in a long warm glance.

"Aren't I the lucky one!" she exulted, and turned and vigorously stirred the stew.

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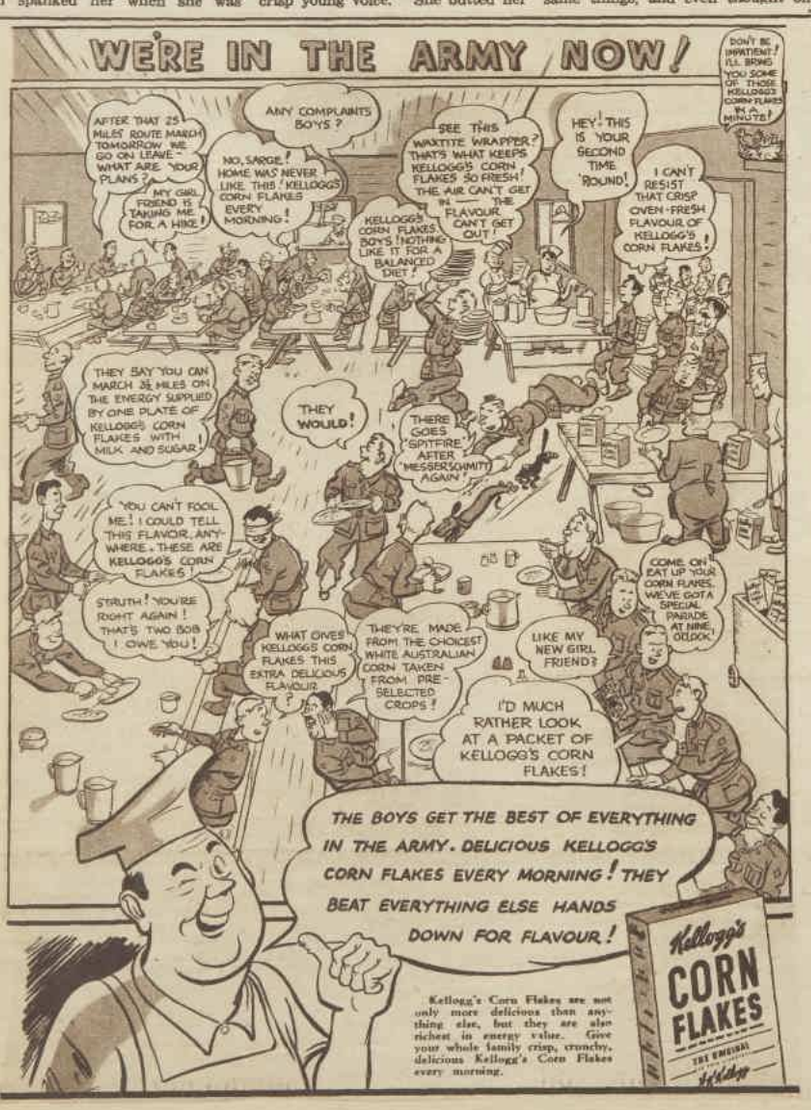

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ONE-TRIP DARLING

"So you've been sneaking off fishing, have you?" Doll cried indignantly, pointing at the poster.

Humorous short story

By RICHARD CONNELL

YES, I'm Darling. I'm the Darling. You've seen my face and name. I'm the Fellow with the Fish, to wit: A. B. Darling, retired, of Ashtabula, Ohio.

At times it's tough to be a man. If a woman doesn't like the name she was born with, she can change it. Same with her face. But a man's got to make the best of his.

When I was learning my trade I used to blush when the boss said in front of strangers, "Hand me that wrench, Darling." So, when I set up my own shop, I called myself, "One-Trip Darling, The Plumber with a Conscience." Now everybody calls me One-Trip, even my wife.

On the ninth of last May I finally got to be fifty. I put in a day of work, and, I was back in my shop when in marched a large, serious man and said, "I'm from the home office of the Frugality Insurance Company," and grabbed my hand and pumped it as if he were jacking up a car. "Congratulations, Darling!"

I said, "What for?" "On your retirement," he said. "When did I retire?" I asked. "To-day," he said. "I'll bet you're mighty glad you took out one of our retirement annuity policies twenty-five years ago."

"I am now," I admitted, "but there were times when I wasn't."

"When was that?" he asked, and I said, "The first of every month." He laughed like a man who had taken lessons, and said, "Well, from now on, Darling, we pay you. Yes, sir, fifty dollars each and every week. All you have to do is loaf and fish. Pretty soft for you, hey Darling?"

"It would be softer," I said, "if I liked to loaf or fish." He said, "Well, then, what is your hobby?" and I said, "Plumbing." And he laughed again on the company's time. Then he said, "Of course, you won't mind if we hold you up as an example?" I said, "Of what?" He said, "Of a man who looked ahead."

I said I didn't see what harm that could do and he whipped out a paper and a fat fountain pen and said, "We're getting up a series of little messages to the men of America, 'Things Young Husbands Should Know.'" "I'm an old husband," I said. "We just want permission to quote you as saying that you think it is a good thing to save money," he said. "Here's where you sign. It's just a formality."

After all my years in business I should have known that, when a fellow says, "It's just a formality," you ought to lock yourself in the safe till your lawyer gets there; but I felt careless that day because the time had come when I could stop working and not stop eating, though I didn't intend to stop doing either as I am fond of both. I signed.

"And now," this Higby said, "I'd like a picture of you." "Printing my pan might queer some sales for you," was my reply. "Folks might think that paying your premiums gave me these right-angle ears."

He argued, so I got out the only picture I had, taken in '28, when I had the new front put in my shop. I'm sitting in the window among the fixtures. Higby said no—it did not look very retired. "I'd like a recent one of you in your fishing togs," he said. "I don't have any fishing togs," I told him. "How soon are you going home?" he asked. "Not till six," I said. "I'll be back," he said.

Pretty soon he was back with a big bundle. In the bundle were a rod and reel and a complete outfit of fishing clothes—everything from hip boots to a hat with flies on it. "Now, just slip them on," he said, "so I can get a shot of you fishing."

"What? On Main Street?" I said. "Don't worry about the background," he said. "Just put on this rig and I'll do the rest."

One reason I've made out so well is that I'm obliging. I put on the khaki breeches, and checkerboard shirt. I'm tubby; but the man they were made for was tubbier. Higby got me out into the backyard, boosted me up on a packing box, and began snapping his little camera at me.

I heard some titters. The boys in the barbershop next door were watching through the window. As I'm not a hard-drinking man, they thought I'd gone mad. There I stood, yanking at the rod for dear life, with this Higby yelling, "I'm a big one! Don't give me any slack. Fight me, Mr. Darling, fight me." He had tied the end of the line on his belt.

"Now start reeling me in!" he hollered. I reeled until my thumb got caught in the reel. Then he stopped taking pictures of me. I climbed down off the packing case and out of the clothes and I handed them to this Higby and he said, "Keep them. Compliments of Frugality." I said, "What'll I do with them?" and he said, "Why, wear them when you go fishing," and I said, "I never caught a fish in my life."

He said, "You certainly must have had a lot of bad luck," and I said, "It wasn't so much bad luck as the fact that I've never gone fishing."

He slapped his head as if a thought had bitten him. He said, more to the ceiling than to me, "The man who couldn't go fishing till he was fifty!" "That's not me," I said. "I could have gone, but I didn't want to."

"Oh!" was all he said, and he gave my hand another jacking and hurried away. I tossed the rod and togs into the stockroom and went home. I thought so little of it I didn't even mention it to Doll. That's my wife.

. . . . . .

It was mighty nice, I can tell you, to see that fifty per coming in; but I had plenty of plumbing, so I just put the cheques in the bank and let 'em lay.

Couple of months went by and, one evening after supper, I lit up my pipe and was getting ready to settle down for a quiet evening when there came one of those little home-made thunderstorms which blow up in the lives of all married folks. We haven't had many, Doll and me, in our twenty-five years.

Now, I'm a fellow who likes to be comfortable around the house in the evening; but Doll claims that to see a plump party sitting on his front porch smoking a corncob pipe, with his shoes and coat off, and his socks showing, gives a wrong impression. I tried to please her by doing my sitting on the back porch. She said that was better, but, with her all neat and dainty on the front porch, and me, like a tramp, on the back porch, the neighbors would think we weren't speaking.

This night I refer to we were eating supper and I was telling her about a very tricky plumbing problem I solved that day.

But presently I heard a deep sigh. Doll had a faraway, moony look in her eyes. I said, "I don't believe you heard a word I said," and she said, "What?" I said, "I bet you've fallen for some other fellow." Of course, I said it just to tease her. She didn't smile and say, "Where could I find a better one than you, One-Trip?" She looked waspy and said, "I wish you'd take that incinerator where it belongs, Darling."

So I went out on the back porch and sat there puffing my pipe, with my feet on the rail. Pretty soon Doll came out and said: "Sorry I was cross, One-Trip." That's Doll. She don't stay cross. "Let's go to a movie," she said. "It's so nice and cool out here," I said, "and not a single mosquito has come near me."

And Doll said: "They've gone home to get their gas masks." But I let that pass. "Now be an angel and get out the sedan," she said. "There's a wonderful picture at the Bijou-Dream, 'The Loves of a Prince.'"

"Has it got cowboys or Indians?"

"No," she said, "it's the kind of picture I like."

I made a snoot. "I bet Greasy Gus is in it."

She said: "For the last time, Darling, I'm going to ask you not to refer to Ramon Valcour as Greasy Gus." "I'll try to remember," I said, and got out the sedan.

We started down Clinton Street. "Doll," I said, "I'll have to leave you at the theatre. Meet you after the show. Got to see a guy about a deal."

Doll said: "I know the man; and I know the business. You seem to prefer guzzling beer with Ed Stutz to my society."

I said: "Aw, Doll, I'd much rather be with you, even though Ed is, without a doubt, the second-best plumber in Ashtabula. But," I said, "a lot of good my society does you when you're sitting with your mouth open watching this Toothy Tony making passes at girls which they don't mind from him, but if I tried them I'd get a slap in the kisser."

"Hmm," remarked Doll, "so you want to chase girls—at your age!" "Now, Doll," I said, "you know perfectly well that from the time I got one look at you I never took a look at any other woman. Though," I said, "I can't deny that I've been looked at once or twice. Little do you know," I said, "what temptations we plumbers have; but I'm no Valcour. I've behaved. Though on some jobs I've had a chance to do otherwise and at one-fifty an hour and time and a half overtime."

"I know you're no Valcour," she remarked. "I can hardly wait for Thanksgiving," I said. "Aw, now, Doll, let's not battle over that cheap ham."

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Swift-moving serial of international intrigue

The DARK SQUARE

Marjorie was conscious of a tense undercurrent as Captain von Gerne surveyed the Englishman.

ALTHOUGH it was an evening in early spring and no colder than usual at such a time of year, what seemed to be half the trunk of a small tree blazed away in the huge and wasteful fireplace.

The stonework above was ornamented with coats of arms, and high up above again, reaching almost to the ceiling of the big hall, were heads of game, shot or chased in the mountains that surrounded the Schloss.

Close to the fire on one side stood a woman in tweeds. She was shorter than the average, but nobody noticed her lack of inches once they had been introduced to the Comtesse du Vallard. She had personality. She was never other than exquisitely turned out, and she always presented to life a glittering, brittle front.

Opposite her on the other side of the fireplace stood a young man magnificent in rather gaudy military uniform. You might possibly have said that his bright hair was a shade too perfectly brushed; you might have taken a faint dislike to the gold-rimmed monocle that swung in his right hand. But whatever you felt about these details you would have been forced to admit that Captain von Gerne looked the acme of smartness.

A manservant brought in a large tray of drinks which he put on a side table.

"I must go and get dressed," the Comtesse said, "or everybody will be in time for dinner but me."

"The play without the Prince—or, rather, the Princess," von Gerne returned, gallantly. Then he asked: "And whom shall I meet at dinner?"

"There are two lieutenants from the Brigade Barracks in Charneck."

"Holst and Grover—yes, I know them."

"There is Anna."

"Anna must be growing up now."

"How tactful you are. My daughter is sixteen."

"Impossible."

"Not quite enough conviction in your voice, my dear. There are two American ladies to whom you can show your charms. Two sisters, Mary and Kathleen Keyling. You will find them hideously avid for every scrap of knowledge about Turbany and its history."

"Don't put me next to them."

"I shall put you between them—perhaps. Unless I reserve that place for Mr. Mawley."

"Mawley? From Charneck?"

"You don't know him? I have only met him a couple of times. He presented himself here the other day with a letter of introduction from Miss Featherstonhaugh. He lectures in English letters at her Academy."

"He is an Englishman?"

"He is that rare thing, an intellectual Englishman. Now, I really must go and dress. If anybody comes down will you help them to drinks, please?"

Eric von Gerne watched her cross the room, then moved to the table and filled his glass from the sherry decanter.

In the act of doing so something made him look up. He had not consciously heard any sound, yet he turned his head up quickly towards the staircase.

Audibly Captain Eric von Gerne caught his breath. He was looking at one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen.

She was tall and strikingly fair, and she owed very little indeed to tricks or artifices. She didn't need them, and very probably she would not have known how to apply them expertly. Youth, and youth's beauty, and youth's eager zest for life were crowded into every line of her.

Von Gerne waited till she reached the bottom of the staircase, following her all the way with over-attentive eyes. He was trying to fit her into the theme of things as outlined by the Comtesse . . . this was not Anna, nor could he believe that she was either of the two American ladies.

He clicked his heels together and bowed. "I am Captain von Gerne. I am dining with the Comtesse."

"Oh—I'm Marjorie Gillespie."

"But the Comtesse told me all her guests and never mentioned you! How could she possibly leave out anyone so charming?"

Miss Gillespie colored slightly. "Oh—she wouldn't count me as a guest," she explained. "I'm just a sort of governess-companion for Anna."

"You have been with the Comtesse long?"

"I came out from England just before war started, and now, of course, I can't get back."

Von Gerne poured out another glass of sherry.

"A drink, Miss Gillespie?"

"Oh, thank you very much."

Von Gerne raised his own glass.

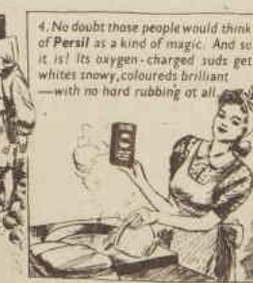
"To the charming ladies of England."

Miss Gillespie looked a shade confused, and smiled and sipped her sherry. "Silly little monkey," she thought, and simultaneously she realised that the thought was unjustified.

1. Nature has laid on hot and cold water which comes in handy on wash-day! Women boil their clothes in a volcanic spring, then rinse in a fresh cold stream nearby.

2. A colourful sight is the array of richly-dyed shawls and embroidered blouses spread out to dry, with often ancient village gods in the background.

3. And so, clean clothes for market day! Even small children carry heavy rolls of home-spun blankets or balance baskets of fruit on their heads when the family goes to town.



4. No doubt those people would think of **Persil** as a kind of magic. And so it is! Its oxygen-charged suds get whites snowy, coloureds brilliant—with no hard rubbing at all.

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"May I have the honor of driving you home?" von Gerne asked with elaborate courtesy.

By Laurence W. Meynell

She disliked the monocle, the over-brushed hair, the waist which she suspected of being corseted; but all these things notwithstanding, she was impressed. She had to admit that the soldier had an air.

Only ten people sat down to dinner, so that the long table was shorter by several leaves its full length. The Comtesse sat at the head. Von Gerne was on her right; on her left the better-looking of the two lieutenants of the brigade.

At first Marjorie Gillespie had found the ultra brilliant conversation of the countess' dinner parties bewildering, but she was used to it by now, and could hold her own in it fairly well. The talk on this particular evening was amusing, but no one was deceived by its apparent superficiality. There were depths in it. Jests had sharp edges to them and allusions were barbed.

Nor could it be otherwise in Turbany at that time. The small but in some ways vitally important State of Turbany was neutral—"as neutral," as Adrian Mawley expressed it, "as a bone in a dog kennel." And this was constantly reflected in men's talk.

"Come, Mr. Mawley, tell us some of your amusing stories about 'Feathers,'" the Comtesse interposed as the atmosphere threatened to become too strained.

Adrian Mawley lectured at Miss Featherstonhaugh's Finishing Academy for Young Gentlewoman. The academy, which stood on the outskirts of Charneck, was an institution in the city, and Miss Featherstonhaugh was even more so.

Everybody knew Feathers. Her tall, gaunt figure in its incredible clothes was pointed out as one of the sights. Everybody laughed at Feathers, yet everybody respected her. She was a character, and in spite of all manner of eccentricities she ran her academy for sixteen young ladies (never more) so successfully that there was never any dearth of applicants willing to pay the outrageous fees she demanded.

Adrian could always be relied upon for some amusing stories, faintly tinged with malice, about Feathers, and the doings of her young ladies. It was impossible to say how many of such stories were true, how many he invented. But it was equally impossible not to be amused by them.

The only person who did not seem particularly amused by them now was the Comtesse's chaplain, who sat at the far end of the table. She had explained him in a vivid aside in the drawing-room before dinner when waiting for him to appear:

"I call him my chaplain, but actually he has nothing to do with me. It's one of the privileges of position that you can't even choose your own hangers-on. There's a chapel at the far end of the Schloss estate, you know, and when we are in residence we are supposed to give hospitality to whoever is in charge of it. They are always being changed."

The chaplain contributed singularly little to the conversation throughout the meal. His bald and rather massive head was usually bent over his plate in honest trencher-work. It is true that a pair of sharp eyes occasionally shot a glance at one or other of the gay speakers with somewhat disconcerting vividness, but he spoke seldom, and then only in answer to some direct question.

Von Gerne and Adrian Mawley crossed conversational swords occasionally, and when they did so there was always a hint of contest about their remarks, as though for some reason the seeds of antipathy were sown between the two men from the start.

Of all improbable subjects it was that of tobacco which seemed most likely to cause a flare up between them. Mawley, still telling anecdotes about Feathers, related, quite truthfully, how she thoroughly enjoyed a cigar every evening.

"Johnson might have applied his famous dictum to tobacco," he said. "'Cigarettes for boys, pipes for men, cigars for heroes.'"

"I've never smoked a pipe in my life," von Gerne said, fixing his monocle in his eye, "but I still take leave to be under the impression that I am a man."

Adrian Mawley smiled and said nothing. Nobody at the table was quite sure how he did it, but he did undoubtedly give the impression that if he had made a reply it would have been, suavely, "But then nobody else shares that impression with you, do they?"

And in spite of the fact that these words were not said, everybody felt that they very nearly were, and felt correspondingly uncomfortable.

After dinner there was dancing. With the Comtesse one either listened to good music or one danced.

Towards the end of the evening, when the dreamiest of dreamy waltzes had just been played, Eric von Gerne and Marjorie, who had been dancing together, walked out into the moonlight for a breath of fresh air.

The soldier danced admirably. She was forced to admit it; she found that attitude towards him hardening in her. For some inexplicable reason she felt towards him a dislike, or a mistrust, she hardly knew which; yet, all the time, she felt herself forced to admire certain qualities about him—his looks, his talk at the dinner table, and now his dancing.

The grounds of the Schloss lay bathed in silver moonlight—peaceful, eerie, romantic.

A little way from the house stood famous yews. One of them, an enormous bush, was completely hollow inside so that there was literally a room within a tree. It formed a sort of summer arbor, and von Gerne knew it of old as the ideal sitting-out place.

He led the way into the dark cavern with its living walls and roof and said laughingly:

"Rather unusual sort of place. This is what you are good at in England, old trees, isn't it?"

"Mr. Mawley wouldn't allow us to be good at anything."

"You mustn't pay any attention to him."

"I didn't—particularly."

"I'm glad of that."

A shaft of silver moonlight slanted through the entrance aperture and it contrasted vividly with the dark green, now all but black, of the yew. It was cool in that strange place after the heat of the dance-room, and perhaps it was because of that that Marjorie gave an almost imperceptible shiver.

Almost, but not quite. Von Gerne noticed it, and the girl suddenly realised that he would notice any detail, however small, any change of mood, however subtle, about her that night.

"You are not cold?" he said.

She shook her head.

"I thought not." He laughed quietly. "But you English are very deceptive."

"Deceptive?"

"Intriguingly so. Has anyone—no, that is a silly question. Let me put it another way: how many men have told you that you are beautiful?"

The girl felt the need, the desperate need, to keep the conversation silly and trivial.

"Oh, hundreds," she said flippantly, much more flippantly than she felt.

"You make a joke of everything, don't you?"

"Do I?"

"Or you try to. Is it perhaps nervousness?"

"N—nervousness? Why should I be nervous?"

"Why, indeed? Most girls would be only too delighted to be so desirable to men as you are, Miss Gillespie."

Marjorie was not aware of his movement, yet whereas before he was a foot or two away from her now he was immediately against her, the stuff of his uniform pressing against her bare shoulder.

She did not attempt to move away.

His arm, again without any perceptible movement, slid round her and suddenly tightened across her shoulders, but even now she made no effort to move. She was amazed at this docility of hers, and even more amazed at the clarity of her thoughts. She was thinking: This man is horrible. And yet he is fascinating. He is horribly fascinating.

A little spot of redness travelled through the darkness and fizzled out on the dewy grass. Eric von Gerne had tossed his cigarette away, and almost at the same instant a shadow fell across the moonlight.

Adrian Mawley's rather languid voice was heard.

"Anybody there? Oh, I beg your pardon. So sorry to intrude but the Comtesse is looking everywhere for you, von Gerne. She charged me with the special mission of running you to earth."

Von Gerne moved easily away from the girl. His arm dropped down. He answered lightly but Marjorie was conscious of a tense undercurrent as he surveyed the Englishman, saying:

"And how admirably you have fulfilled your mission. Shall we go in, Miss Gillespie?"

"I should like to," she answered, and all three, the girl between the two men, started back towards the house.

. . . . . .

Marjorie Gillespie stood in the Great Square at Charneck and looked round her with delight. She had never before been in that beautiful city, and Charneck on your first visit (and indeed on your hundredth visit) can take your breath away.

It has its great streets, like the grands boulevards of Paris, and here the most cosmopolitan crowd in the world ebbs and flows all day long and most of the night.

Marjorie Gillespie, at half-past two on a warm spring day, was acutely conscious of the beauty of the city and gazed fascinated at its kaleidoscope of color.

"Good afternoon, Miss Gillespie."

Marjorie started. She had not expected to meet anybody she knew. Adrian Mawley stood on the pavement beside her. He was bareheaded and was wearing a sports jacket over grey flannel trousers. She liked him better, dressed thus, than in the formal evening clothes of the previous night.

"Admiring Charneck?"

She detected at once, and resented, the slight tone of bantering criticism in his drawling voice.

"Yes, that is just exactly what I was doing. I haven't been here before."

"In that case there is a lot to see. Is the Comtesse in town?"

"No. It is my half-day off. I'm free from midday until eleven tonight, so I caught the autobus at Tarnsbrucke and here I am."

"Ready for a strenuous round of sightseeing?"

"Why not?"

"Let us improve our minds at all costs. That is what I frequently tell the young ladies at Feathers.'"

"Do you know, Mr. Mawley, I'm rather glad somehow that I never went to Feathers.'"

Adrian smiled and smiled charmingly.

"That is a sentiment with which you can hardly expect me to agree," he said. "Don't be cross with me, Miss Gillespie. I've got an unfortunate manner. To some extent I have cultivated it as a first line of defence. I'm not blase or cynical at all really. I love Charneck, and I suppose I know it better than most Englishmen. I've got nothing to do till half-past four, and I should be delighted if you would let me play cicerone and show you round. Will you?"

Marjorie gave a little laugh.

"Yes, of course. I should love it. It's all so completely new to me, I just don't know where to begin."

"You can begin anywhere in Charneck," Adrian said, and he proved it by beginning his tour there and then, in the Great Square, where they stood.

It was obvious that his boast about knowing the city well was justified. He had something interesting or amusing to say about almost every street, and most of what he said was barbed with faint laughter for the follies of mankind.

Marjorie could not make up her mind whether or not all his anecdotes were true. Nor did she care. She was in the mood to be entertained and she certainly could not complain that her companion was not entertaining. She had wished to see Charneck, and she was seeing it under the most favorable conditions. And all the time, underneath the easy, light talk, she could not but be aware of the fact that Adrian Mawley was a young man, and an attractive-looking one at that.

She was therefore especially sorry when he pulled out his watch and made a grimace.

"After four! I say, how I have talked. You must be bored."

"Indeed, I am not."

He smiled at her. "You have enjoyed it a little? So have I—a lot. But, I'm frightfully sorry, I must go now. At half-past four sixteen young ladies will be all agog to know what I have to say about the Development of Character in the Tragedies of Shakespeare."

"What a learned person you are, Mr. Mawley."

"Terrifying, isn't it? I suppose as you are staying at the Schloss that you will be coming into Charneck again soon?"

"Or you coming up to dinner again soon?"

"And blundering into yew bushes. Your soldier friend was annoyed with me, I think."

"Wouldn't you have been?"

"Furious. May I ask what you are going to do now, Miss Gillespie?"

Marjorie considered. The autobuses back to Tarnsbrucke were not frequent. There was one at half-past four, and then not another one until half-past seven.

She had at one time thought of going to a cinema, but the sunshine seemed too lovely for that. To wander in Charneck alone after such an amusingly conducted tour would be an anti-climax, and she suddenly decided to catch the four-thirty autobus and to spend the rest of the afternoon in the woods and fields surrounding the Schloss. She explained this to Adrian, who said:

"The half-past four bus? That will get to Tarnsbrucke about a quarter-past five, I suppose. I say, if you really are going to do that I wonder if you would mind doing an errand for me?"

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The Dark Square

Continued from page 7

BRIGHTLY, Marjorie replied: "Of course not. A message for the Comtesse?"

"Something much less exalted. Merely an order to a tobacconist. Turbany I like, Turbanian tobacco I abhor. Without my pipe and my John Cotton I am a lost man. And there is only one place I have discovered in this country where John Cotton mixture direct (apparently) from England can be bought. The little tobacconist in that ramshackle old square at Tarnsbrucke stocks it and nobody else.

"He ought to send me a supply every month, but the blighter forgot last time. Would you think me very rude if I asked you—as you are actually getting out of the bus opposite his shop—to leave a note there?"

Marjorie put the envelope he gave her in her bag and said: "I will do it in payment for the personally conducted tour."

"Then I am overpaid. But don't forget, else I shall be a lost and unhappy man."

Marjorie promised that the small errand should be done the moment that she alighted in Tarnsbrucke, and having escorted her to the Square of the Ships, where the autobus terminus was, Adrian Mawley took his leave of her and sauntered off towards Feathers' and his learned pursuits there.

The autobus was not yet in evidence and a small queue, mostly of country people who had come into the city for a morning's shopping, was already formed in the appropriate place. Marjorie took her stand some little distance away from these folk, and amused herself by watching the strangely varied street life that flowed by her.

When the queue was getting so large that she began to wonder if they would all be able to get on the bus, a dark blue touring car of enormous length drew up alongside the pavement. At the driving wheel, in ultra-smart civilian clothes, sat Eric von Gerne.

He jumped out and greeted Marjorie with a formal little bow. The good country folk in the queue stared interestedly.

Marjorie could not suppress a little tremor of pleasure. In romantic Charneck, to be greeted thus by a handsome young officer . . .

She was sure that had she extended her hand he would have kissed it. No denying the good looks now in the sunshine and fresh air. She smiled, partly to greet him and partly because she was suddenly aware of how extremely improbable all this would have seemed eighteen months ago.

"Miss Gillespie."

"Good-afternoon, Captain von Gerne."

"You are surely not waiting here for the autobus?" he asked.

"I am afraid I was. Does that disappoint you?"

"On the contrary it is my very good luck because now I can ask may I have the honor of driving you home. Are you in a hurry to get to the Schloss?"

"No. As a matter of fact I don't mind whether I catch this bus or the evening one."

"So?" the young man smiled delightedly. "Then why not join my bathing party?"

"A bathe? That would be lovely."

"You would like to come?"

"I should love it, but——"

Von Gerne watched her, with an amused smile on his face. He knew, or thought he knew, what she was thinking.

"There are no yew bushes by the swimming pool, Miss Gillespie," he assured her.

Marjorie laughed.

"Were you afraid of that?"

"I certainly wasn't afraid of it," she answered.

"No. Of course not. It was the wrong word. I am sorry. I do not think that you would ever be afraid of anything. Look, there is to be quite a party and we shall all enjoy ourselves. I think you would enjoy it too, and later, whenever you wish it, I will motor you back to the Schloss. Will you come?"

"I—I should love to."

Von Gerne gave his formal little bow again.

"You have delighted me," he said quietly.

Followed by the patient and curious eyes of the waiting countryfolk, Marjorie climbed into the front seat of the car and was whisked away out of the Square of the Ships, along the great Boulevard of Accord, towards the outskirts of the city and to the green country beyond.

"This is my bit of a place," von Gerne said presently, swinging the car between stone gate pillars on to an immaculately tidy drive.

It was precisely the sort of establishment that Marjorie expected him to have—small, but superbly appointed and kept up.

The door was open and an inscrutable-faced maid waited by the time the car reached the house. Von Gerne said two quick sentences to her in an undertone, and then led his guest off towards the swimming pool.

This was one of the great features of the place, and obviously money had been spent on it lavishly.

It was sunk on the southern slope of a hill, and one side of it was entirely protected with a tall plate-glass screen so that if there should be any cold winds they would be held at bay.

On the opposite side there was a range of gaily-colored cubicles. The diving-board stood at one end, and at the other small tables underneath huge striped umbrellas, and the inevitable cocktail bar. Half a dozen people were already there swimming; splashing each other; diving; lying in the sun. They raised a general shout to greet their host and the new arrival.

"They seem to be enjoying it," he said. "You'd like to join them? You are fond of swimming?"

"I simply love it. I—I haven't got any costume, or anything, of course."

Von Gerne smiled. "I dare say that can be arranged. In fact it has been arranged. Shall we just walk round and see everybody first?"

They walked slowly, and a series of informal introductions was made as they went along. Marjorie did not catch most of the names and remembered none of them, but this did not seem to matter. When they crossed the top of the pool and reached the cubicles, von Gerne pushed open the door of the nearest one.

"I fancy you will find everything you want in here," he said.

Marjorie had not noticed the maid come from the house, and yet the cubicle was elaborately prepared.

"Cubicle," as she realised at once, was a complete misnomer. The apartment was a well-furnished small room with a full-length mirror, a dressing-table, two chairs, and a wardrobe.

On the dressing-table powder, perfume, brushes and manicure things were set out, the wardrobe was adequately stocked with hangers, two towels, and a choice of two differently colored costumes and caps lay on one of the chairs.

"Don't be long," von Gerne urged from the other side of the door. "I want to see how you can swim."

Marjorie laughed. If there was one thing that she could do well in life it was to swim. She chose a green costume and cap, and six minutes after going into the cubicle she ran out of it again, climbed up on to the diving-board, and came down like a green arrow into the water.

Eric von Gerne appeared soon after, and as he stood on the side making up his mind to jump in Marjorie realised that the slightly effeminate impression which his monocle and dandified appearance had created was a false one. His abbreviated costume showed brown and muscular limbs beneath it, and when he finally plunged in it was clear that he was a useful performer in the water.

But though there were good swimmers there the young Englishwoman was easily the pick of them, and before long she had an admiring audience for her dives and her rapid lengths up and down the pool.

It is even to be feared that she showed off a little, but then what expert, in any art, can resist that temptation? It is certain that she was completely happy. Von Gerne, who sat out in the sun as much as he bathed, watched her a good deal, and she could not but be aware sometimes of his approving glances at her straight and sturdy young body.

It was at these moments that she remembered him in his mood of the previous evening, and she would immediately seek to lose herself in some fresh and furious activity in the water.

Competitions were arranged, and whilst one of them, for diving, was in progress the amiable and more than competent host absented himself and strolled to the far side of the cubicles, where he was hidden by them from the pool and its noisy revellers.

HE had caught sight of something which nobody else had noticed. Nobody else had been intended to notice it—it was a signal from somebody who wished to speak to him. She was waiting for him behind the range of cubicles, the same severely plain, spectacled, inscrutable maid who had opened the door of the house.

When she spoke it was very quietly and in a voice which impressed at once by its quality of unpleasant efficiency.

"I searched the young English lady's bag."

He shook his head and answered: "You need not have done that."

"Didn't you give orders that it was to be so for every fresh visitor to the house?"

He smiled. "I did—but there are exceptions to every rule. This one is different."

"So?" The voice was disillusioned and biting. "Then what of this?"

He took the white envelope that she proffered and turned it over slowly.

"You found this in her bag?" he asked.

"Would I have brought it here otherwise?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"But this is nothing. Some private letter——"

She did not deign to answer in words, only reached out, turned the white envelope face upwards, and with a severely unpainted nail indicated the top right-hand corner. There, where the stamp on an ordinary letter would be fixed, was the only mark on the envelope.

Any casual eye would have dismissed it at once as a small and completely unmeaning smudge of ink. But Eric von Gerne's eye was not a casual one. He stared at the tiny squiggle incredulously.

At last he said, hardly above a whisper, "I can't believe it."

"No? But then you are apt to be like that about pretty women, aren't you? It's a good job there is somebody in the household who remembers to obey orders," and without any further comment on the situation the maid left him and walked off towards the house.

To be continued

ANIMAL ANTICS

"Wait, now, don't tell me! I never forget a face."

Mrs. BROWN IS A GOOD AUSTRALIAN!

Read her story and see why

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in the NEW IVORY container

Large container of Dentifrice 1/8½

Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4½

G.JS.26.A

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to Rheumatism — Backache Muscular Pains High Blood Pressure

Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes pouched and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flushes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart. M49A

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Because of war-time shipping difficulties, you may sometimes be unable to get Bovril just when you want it. Use it sparingly, therefore, so that you can tide over the period of shortage. Bovril is highly concentrated, and a little goes a long way.

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• *The glamor furs do not belong to Lynn Bari (above) who, like other stars, has put aside such luxuries for the duration. She is shopping in a film scene. Her latest Fox comedy is "The Magnificent Dope."*

• *It's those riotous funmakers Abbott and Costello, beautifully begarlanded for their latest Universal comedy, "Pardon My Sarong."*

+ + +

• *Romantic George Raft dances with dazzling Janet Blair in a scene from the Universal picture, "Broadway," dramatisation of Raft's own career as a stage and night-club dancer.*

Movie World

THE attractive color pictures on this page give you an idea of what some of the stars are doing towards your film entertainment in the coming year. All photographed here will play important parts in a variety of stories—with the accent on comedy.

The two new girls you see are, below, pretty Marie MacDonald and, at right with George Raft, Janet Blair, little known but very promising Universal starlets.

• *Piquant ballerina Zorina has put by these dancing shoes for the leading role in Paramount's "Hour Before Dawn." Written by Somerset Maugham, this drama with an espionage theme is set in wartime England.*

+ + + + +

• *This gay, laughing blonde is Marie MacDonald, playing in "Pardon My Sarong." Formerly a John Powers model, then a chorus girl in George White Scandals of 1939, Marie is just nineteen.*

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NEW NOEL COWARD COMEDY HIT

1 **PENNILESS,** titled refugees, Nicki (Douglas) and Vicki (Shearer), both hunting rich marriages, meet in waltz at party, and elope.

2 **JEALOUS LINDA** (Gail Patrick) reveals marriage of pair, who concealed it because they are professional house guests living on their charm.

3 **REDUCED** to sponging on uncongenial hosts because their popularity has dwindled so much, Vicki begs Nicki to find a job with steady pay.

4 **INSTEAD,** Nicki goes on gambling, losing to lawyer Hubert (Bowman), who does not know Nicki's cheque in payment is quite worthless.

Norma Shearer chose story and her leading man

STRICTLY comedy, MGM's film, "We Were Dancing," is based in part on Noel Coward's stage series, "To-Night at 8.30." Norma Shearer, who appeared in Coward's "Private Lives" 11 years ago, insisted that the studio buy "We Were Dancing"—and also that Melvyn Douglas be her co-star. Norma, incidentally, enjoys here her first comedy role in three years. She is accompanied by Douglas, Gail Patrick, Lee Bowman, Marjorie Main, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray, and Florence Bates.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

5 **SUCCESSFUL** in redeeming Nicki's cheque, Vicki promptly divorces him, in spite of his passionate defence in court, and announces her intention to wed Hubert.

6 **DESPERATE NICKI** reforms to extent of taking interior decorating job with Linda, and accepts job of furnishing house Hubert is building for future bride, Vicki.

7 **ENRAGED VICKI,** who expected to humiliate Nicki when decoration job is being discussed, finds he adopts bland, impersonal attitude and approves of Hubert.

"It's so fine and white—yet cleans quick as a wink!"

If, like many women, you've thought a cleanser had to be coarse or gritty in order to be quick—you're in for a big surprise the first time you use Bon Ami. For Bon Ami cleans quickly without depending on harsh ingredients. As a result, it doesn't scratch porcelain. Instead, it actually leaves your baths and kitchen sink with a high, glossy polish. Millions of women depend on it for all their cleaning. Try Bon Ami.

"hasn't scratched yet!"

Bon Ami

keeps things easy to clean

'NUGGET'

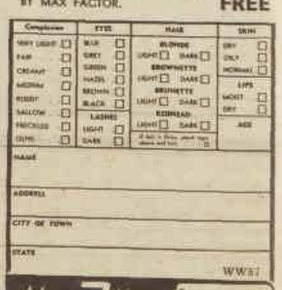
Buy a tin at a time and let everyone get a shine

JOAN BENNETT

WALTER WANGER

JOAN BENNETT, Walter Wanger Star of many notable attractions, knows the correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick to make her more appealing and attractive. For over a quarter of a century the Motion Picture Stars of Hollywood have had their Color Harmony shades prescribed for them by Max Factor ★ Hollywood. Fill in the coupon below and receive your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which lists the correct shades for your individual type. FILL IN COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

MAX FACTOR, HER MAJESTY'S ARCADE SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA: SEND ME MY COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART AND 48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTION BOOK, "THE NEW ART OF SOCIETY MAKE-UP," BY MAX FACTOR. **FREE**



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YOUNGEST BARRYMORE has family ambition . . .

By VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

● *Twenty-one years old, Diana Barrymore is in Hollywood for Universal, to carry on the tradition of entertainment's Royal Family. Daughter of John and his second wife, Blanche Oelrichs (poet Michael Strange), Diana has been on the stage four years.*

I HAVE seen Diana Barrymore in three dramatic moods. First, there was the slim, trim figure in W.A.A.F. uniform on the set of Walter Wanger's "Eagle Squadron"; then the sparkling bride-to-be, posing in her satins and lace for Universal's portrait gallery; then the hostess, in a smart slacksuit, pouring out coffee in the living-room of her big Hollywood home.

On each occasion Diana impressed me with her clear - cut, vital personality, and it was over coffee that this dark-haired, dark-eyed actress told me how deeply she hoped to carry on the acting tradition of entertainment's Royal Family. Diana represents the fifth generation of Barrymores on the stage, and is its fourth member to reach the screen.

Just before she married 38-year-old actor Bramwell Fletcher in a simple ceremony here, she finished her second Universal picture, "Between Us Girls."

"I am allowed to run the gamut of emotions so dear to the heart of Barrymores in this film," said Diana.

"In one sequence I play a twelve-year-old child, Queen Victoria at eighteen years of age, and Joan of Arc. So I really get a chance to strut my stuff."

Diana's opinion of women players is interesting. She thinks Garbo is the greatest screen actress, and Australian Judith Anderson the greatest woman on the stage.

Diana told me that she regretted profoundly not knowing her father, John, better.

"I saw him only twice before I came to Hollywood. Once when I was twelve, and the other time when I was eighteen and making my Broadway stage debut in a theatre near his.

"One night I slipped across to his theatre dressing-room to surprise him (his play, incidentally, was 'My Dear Children'). When he entered he did not recognise me, and said: 'Well, my pretty creature, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?'

"I said: 'Hello, Daddy!'

"He thereupon struck a Shakespearean attitude and cried: 'Gad! It's muh daughtah!' "

John was at the station to meet her when she arrived in Hollywood under Universal's contract. Diana told the Press and photographers clustered round that "anybody going into pictures for the first time is bound to approach it with a certain amount of hesitation."

"Just remember to show your profile, darling, and the rest will take care of itself," the Great Profile interrupted.

Before his sudden death, Diana took dramatic lessons regularly from her father. It goes around that he asked her to prove just how good an actress she really was. So each afternoon that they had free he had her giving readings from Shakespeare. After the first lesson he allowed she was "pretty good."

Diana herself made her professional stage debut when she was 17, in a summer stock company in Maine. She played Juliet to the Romeo of William Faversham's son, Philip, and several modern roles.

Later, for the Playhouse Company, she was Ann in a revival of "Outward Bound." Her first two Broadway plays, "The Romantic Mr. Dickens" and "The Happy Days," were short-lived affairs. Later, however, she appeared in the more successful "The Land is Bright," and then came straight out here.

To-day Diana and her husband are living in the famous "honeymoon house," on Los Feliz boulevard, built 18 years ago by Jack Dempsey and his former wife, Estelle Taylor, after their romantic marriage.

When Bramwell Fletcher goes into the army, Diana will turn over the house and its gigantic ballroom to some war service organisation for use as a recreation centre by the troops.

Army girls in own film . . .

From ANNE MATHESON

DOWN at an A.T.S. camp in Surrey, girls from England's women's army and film actresses are being directed by Leslie Howard in "We Are Not Weeping."

The film is the story of seven girls who join the A.T.S., and Howard has chosen Lillie Palmer, Joyce Howard, Jean Gillie, Barbara Waring, Joan Greenwood, Rosamund John, and Joan Gates.

I was down there to see the first day's shooting, and to watch director Leslie Howard's embarrassment when he was rushed by the real members of the A.T.S. for autographs.

The camp commandant came to Howard's rescue, and has ordered that all requests for autographs must go through her.

The actresses themselves, all young and in uniform, are having their troubles, too. Living in camp for the duration of the film, they are frequently mistaken for real A.T.S. privates.

In fact, Lillie Palmer told me she got "ticked off properly" by a woman lieutenant for having her uniform collar undone!

"We Are Not Weeping" is typical of the new British film entertainment which is planned to tell realistic stories of to-day.

● For Film Reviews and Cable, see page 14.

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Eat foods that help make Australia STRONG

This is the second of a series of articles issued by the Nutrition Department of the Kraft Walker Cheese Company to help Australia's war effort. The purpose of these articles is to explain which foods are protective and the best way to cook and serve them.

All over Australia, the call rings out — "Eat the *right* foods every day . . . the foods for strength . . . stamina . . . vitality! That's the way to build a victorious nation.

To help you choose the right foods . . . to help you plan meals that will make Australia stronger, the Kraft Company have drawn up this special Food Guide. It shows you *which* foods are essential—the ones you should eat every day.

Statistics show that in the past very few of us have been choosing a well-balanced diet . . . a diet that produces maximum efficiency.

But to-day we must have men and women with keen eyes, strong bodies, steady nerves, buoyant spirits! Our growing children must eat the foods that will build strong bodies to meet the challenge of the future! Never in the history of this free land has a well-balanced diet been so vitally important to all of us. Strong Australians to-day . . . strong Australians to-morrow . . . are every bit as important as bombers, tanks and ships.

Will you join this crusade for a stronger Australia? Then clip this special Kraft Food Guide now. Keep it in your pocket to help you order meals in a restaurant. Pin it up in the kitchen to guide your meal-planning. Remember . . . every day, three times a day . . . *you can help make Australia strong.*

KRAFT NATIONAL FOOD GUIDE

EAT NUTRITIOUS FOOD

Every day...eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or 1 oz. of cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

GREEN VEGETABLES Salad greens at least once a day and in this category include raw cabbage.

OTHER VEGETABLES Potatoes, other vegetables in season, some cooked, some raw.

FRUIT Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit and other fruits in season.

EGGS At least 3 or 4 a week cooked any way you choose or in "made" dishes.

*** Remember always that Kraft Cheddar Cheese is rich in vitamins, proteins, calories and the milk minerals.**

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH Most important nourishment for all the family—Cheese is an excellent alternative.

BREAD and CEREAL As much wholemeal bread as required or whole grain cereals.

SPREAD Butter for Vitamin A. Vegemite for Vitamin B, and other spreads.

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DUCHESS OF KENT

Fairy-tale Princess and Princess of Many Sorrows

Tragic death of King's brother ends romance that stirred world

By ALICE JACKSON
Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who was granted an interview by the Duchess of Kent while visiting London.

"My husband loves flying . . . and our little son is already so air-minded that planes are his favorite toys . . . but I am not fond of it. I often go by air to keep an appointment, but, for some reason, I do not like it . . ."

As I read the tragic news of the death on duty of Air-Commodore Kent, I seemed to hear again the sweet, low voice of his wife as she told me this in London last November. Hers is a true spell-binding voice, its ever-so-slight lisp adding to its fascination.

"YOU know, perhaps, that he has flown many thousands of miles," she went on, "and he never gets tired of it. But flying fatigues me . . ."

It is part of Princess Marina's great charm that every lightning change of mood is reflected in her mobile face and expressive eyes.

The dimple disappeared from the corner of her perfect mouth and sadness shadowed the laughter in her sparkling brown eyes as she repeated "I don't know why, but—I am not really air-minded . . ."

There spoke, I thought, a wife who had spent many hours of anxious waiting for a husband whose duties and responsibilities and passion for flying often took him on long flights.

Poor heart-broken Marina, so brave, so loving, so truly, as they called her in England, "The Fairy-tale Princess," and so truly, as they also called her, "The Princess of Many Sorrows."

She is the loveliest woman I have ever seen. Her features are of classic perfection. Her creamy skin is flawless. A poet would rave over her golden-brown eyes which sometimes sparkle with laughter and sometimes are shadowed by sorrow . . .

But it is not her physical beauty which casts a spell over all who know her. It is the engaging frankness of her manner, her warm heart, her quick sympathies.

THE late Duke of Kent.

For she is a fairy-tale princess.

She looks back over happy childhood days spent with her sisters and parents in Greece, and long holidays spent in many countries of Europe.

She looks back, too, over the tragic sufferings she shared with the Royal House of Greece and the loss of her childhood home.

Hers was a fairy-tale romance. The lovely Princess and the gallant Prince fell in love at first sight.

Their marriage was the beginning of a period of ideal happiness. The world watched their romance with sympathetic eyes and rejoiced with them on the birth of their children.

No Royal couple of history have ever had so many good wishes or been more deeply loved.

But it was of Australia she wanted to talk to me on that memorable day I was her guest.

"We both look forward to making our home there after the war," she said. "We spent so many happy hours planning our lives there, and it was a blow to us when we could not go, but, of course, the war changed everything.

Australian interest

"I SEEMED to know Australia," she went on, "because we had so many photographs and read so much about it, but do tell me more."

So I described to her, as well as I could, the spacious rural beauties of Canberra, with its sun-drenched rolling downs and the lovely homes of the capital city with their settings of English and Australian trees.

I told her of the oaks and elms, the wattles and gums of Yarralumla, and then of the glorious harbor views she would see from Admiralty House, where she would live while in Sydney.

"The Australian landscape will fascinate you," I predicted, and I told her of how Lady Huntingfield, wife of a former Governor of Victoria, had told me a few days before that the scenery of Victoria was so dear to her that she kept large photographs of it in her bedroom so that every morning, first thing when she woke up, she could look at them.

"It will be wonderful for the children, too," said Princess Marina. "And I am sure it will seem like Paradise to be in such a peaceful, happy land."

She had been deeply touched by the enthusiasm Australians had shown at the news when the Duke was appointed our Governor-General, and was particularly moved at our interest in her children.

"They really are darlings," she said. "I am very sorry you have not time to see them."

Like every other English mother she had been confronted with the problems of food and clothes rationing for her little family, and was very cheerful about it all.

I asked her how the children felt at being uprooted from their normal life and sent to the country, and she said, "Oh, they've settled down wonderfully well, and made lots of new friends."

Another son has been added to her little family since then, and her devotion to them will help carry her through these dark days.

As we talked, I realised what a brilliant woman she is. An accomplished artist, she is also a versatile linguist.

She told me she had been accustomed from childhood to hearing Greek, Russian, French, German, Italian, and English spoken by her relatives and friends, and picking up languages came naturally to her.

"I would have been quite at home in the Tower of Babel," she said.

But she always loved England. On her first visit to her great - aunt, Queen Alexandra, she was a little girl just learning to write. Her first letter home was short, but very decided.

"I like it here," she wrote.

But to all her intellectual gifts are added a great love of home and a passion for fine needlework. She herself made the beautiful quilts which cover her children's beds. She supervises every detail of her children's dressing.

Homely touch

I THOUGHT it was a beautiful homely touch when I heard that Marina, with her great flair for dress, used to co-opt the interest and assistance of her husband in the dressing of their children.

He and the Duchess were delighted to go shopping together, and in days of peace they were a familiar sight in Bond Street and Piccadilly in the mornings when they were in London.

The Duke often chose clothes for his children. One year his Christmas present to Princess Alexandra was a muslin frock with a red spot, tiny red shoes, and a hair-ribbon to match.

Every time little Prince Edward or Princess Alexandra had a new outfit she talked it over with their father, and the children loved to receive his approbation of their new clothes.

This deep love of home and the simple things of life always transcended the grandeur of their rank for the Kents, and for this the British public took Marina to their hearts as the ideal wife for the well-beloved Prince, the younger brother of their King.

They still talked of how the handsome Prince, leading his lovely bride up the aisle of historic Westminster Abbey, said, with true lover-like solicitude, "Are you all right, Mara, dear?"

My mind switched from the pageantry of that radiant marriage morn to the troubled, blacked-out London of the moment.

I was seeing her, not as the superlatively lovely bride, but as a woman in the uniform of the St. John Ambulance worker.

Since her marriage day, Fairy-tale Princess Marina has seen London in flames, the untold suffering and misery of the victims of bombing whom she constantly visits and helps, and has borne so much of the sorrows of her family that England called her, too, "the Princess of Many Sorrows."

But no sorrow of her past could compare with the heavy load she is now bearing. Our hearts go out to her—the lovely, tragic "Fairy-tale" Princess, who will not now make her home among us.

I can see her poring over those photographs of the home she and the Duke had so lovingly planned in Canberra . . .

I can hear her say, "Australia must be a Paradise to make a home in . . ."

(See family pictures, page 17)

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, one of the loveliest pictures ever taken of the beautiful Marina, "Princess of Many Sorrows."

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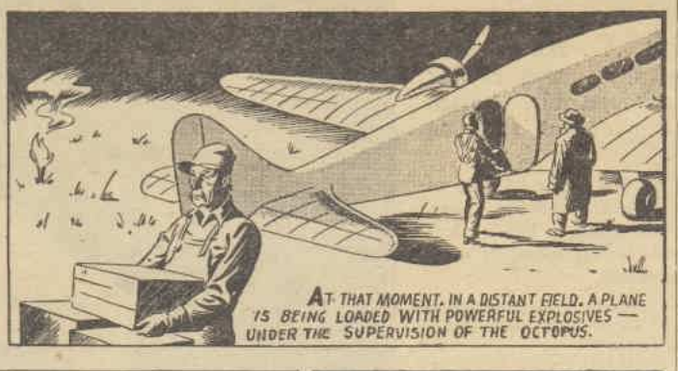
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are again hunting
THE OCTOPUS: Head of a gang of international spies, who is attempting to destroy naval shipyards and munition plants.
An attempt to start a fire at a shipyard is frustrated, and Mandrake, by means of his hypnotic powers, captures one of the workmen responsible.
Hypnotising him, the magician forces him to disclose that The Octopus is located in a shack in an adjacent marsh. The hut is raided, but the spy has escaped, leaving a note saying, "You've only delayed my work, not stopped it!" NOW READ ON:



As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following astrological information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): September 7 (before sunrise and during mid-afternoon) and September 8 (before 8.30 a.m. and around midnight) promise mild help only.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Get busy, Taurians! During these weeks you can achieve much. Utilise September 1 (from 5 to 7.30 a.m. or after 9 p.m.), September 2 (around dawn and from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.), September 3 (early evening), and September 8 (before 10 a.m. or late afternoon). They should be very helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware needless worries, obstacles, disfavor, criticisms, impulses, and upsets. Your stars are unfriendly, especially on September 2 (mid-afternoon), September 3 (noon before 8 a.m.) and September 5 (before 10 a.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Modest gains and advancements are possible now, so plan well and work hard. September 5 (early evening) and September 6 (forenoon and late afternoon) helpful, but avoid rashness. September 2 (to 3 p.m.) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): September 1 (before sunrise and late afternoon) and September 8 (before 9 a.m. and around midnight) mildly helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Make September 1 (before 8 a.m. and after 9 p.m.) and September 2 (before 8 a.m.) produce good things for you by planning and working well. Balance of the day fair, except early evening. September 5 (early evening) and September 6 (forenoon and late afternoon) helpful, too. Go after gains now.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Uneventful for most Librans now, but better times come soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, September 2 (from 2 to 3 p.m. and 8 to 9 p.m.) just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): September 6 (early forenoon and from 4 to 6 p.m.) may produce mild gains, opportunities and pleasures. September 1 evening) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be guarded now. Mistakes can rebound forcibly now and for a long while to come. September 3 (especially in the afternoon) poor. September 3 (before 8 a.m. and around midnight) adverse.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): September 1 (before 8 a.m. and after 9 p.m.) and September 2 (before noon) should prove quite fortunate, so try to utilise those periods. Balance of day very fair except early evening. Plan improvement for next week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): An unspectacular period; routine tasks wisest. September 1 (evening) poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A separative influence dominates the present time for Piscians, so speculations, changes, risky ventures, and quarrels of all kinds must be avoided. This is especially so on September 1, September 3, and September 4 (early and late). September 2 poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Guide

HERE is a brief and comprehensive directory to film entertainment now showing in Sydney.

★★★ **Captains of the Clouds.** James Cagney in splendid Air Force epic.—Regent; 5th week.

★★★ **Joan of Paris.** Poignant drama of Occupied France introduces fascinating Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★★ **Remember the Day.** Claudette Colbert, John Payne in charming romance.—Century; 8th week.

★★ **Ships With Wings.** John Clements, Leslie Banks in stirring Fleet Air Arm adventure.—Lyceum; 6th week.

★★ **The Chocolate Soldier.** Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy sing in lilting operetta.—Liberty; 5th week.

★★ **International Squadron.** Ronald Reagan, Olympe Bradna in entertaining drama. — Mayfair; 5th week.

★★ **Hellzapoppin'** introduces Olsen and Johnson in riotous crazy comedy.—State; 3rd week.

★★ **Blues in the Night.** Intriguing musical drama with Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf.—Plaza; 3rd week.

★★ **Beyond the Blue Horizon.** Dorothy Lamour dazzles in technicolor and tropics.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.

★★ **Life Begins for Andy Hardy.** Just average Hardy film, with Rooney as Andy in his first job.—St. James; 2nd week.

★ **Missing Ten Days.** Robust if dated thriller set in France before its capitulation, with Rex Harrison.—Victory; 1st week.

★ **Road to Happiness.** John Boles, Mona Barrie in sentimental drama of scheming woman.—Cameo and Capitol; 1st week.

★ **Mr. Wise Guy.** East End Kids in one of those reform school melodramas—up to standard.—Cameo and Capitol; 1st week.

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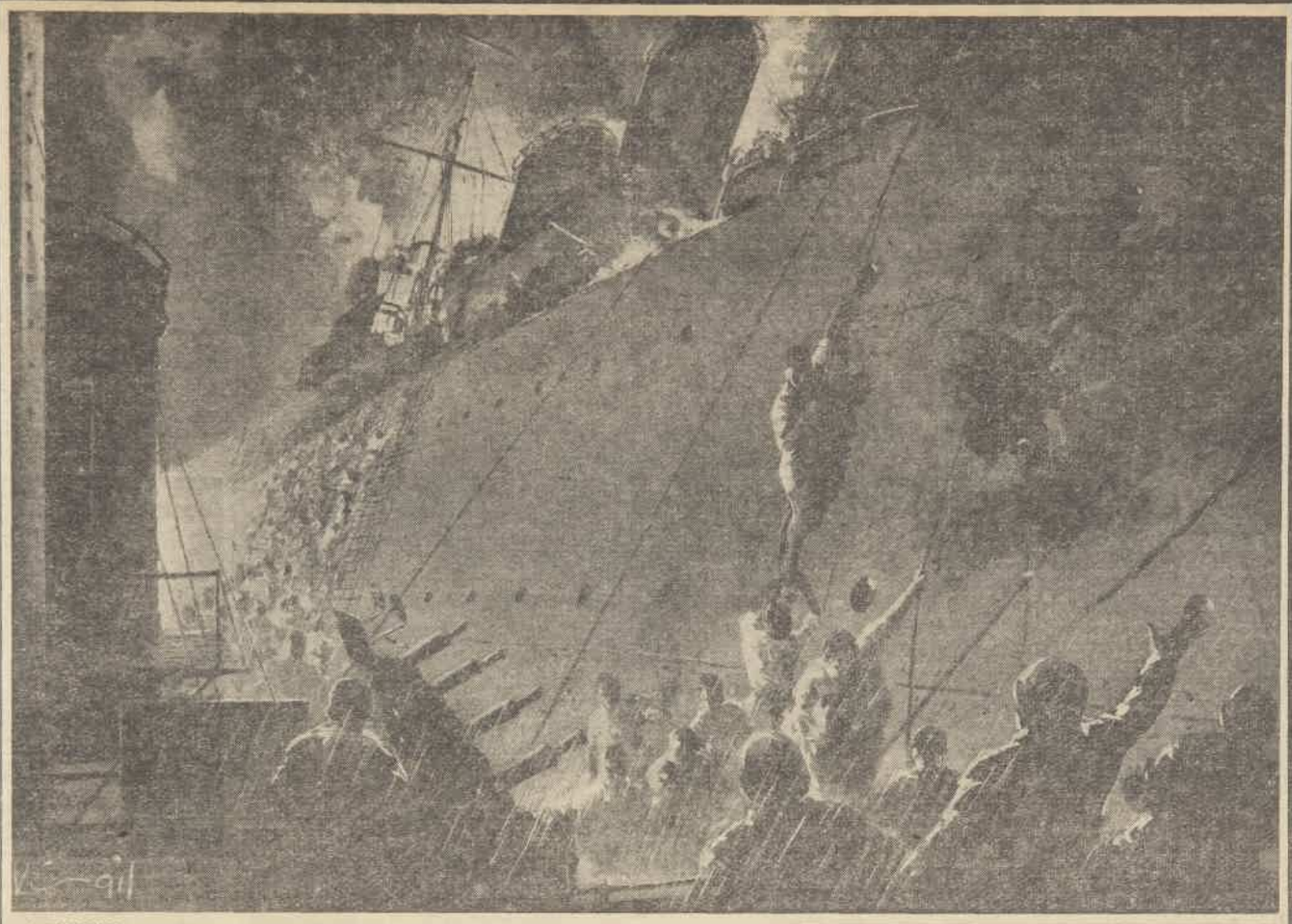

A GRAPHIC reconstruction, by artist Virgil, of the rescue of men of H.M.A.S. Canberra by a U.S. destroyer. The drawing is from detailed descriptions by an eye-witness on the Canberra.

The sinking of H.M.A.S. Canberra

BELOW: Survivors of the Canberra at an Australian port.

H.M.A.S. CANBERRA AND HER MEN

By
DAME MARY GILMORE
who wrote these lines on her 77th birthday as a tribute to the Canberra and her men.

WHEN at the first her morning sun arose,
She was a white cloud on the blue,
The blue that was the sea; and the sea loved her even as we.
And when the ocean, rising, shook the earth
To see her pass, diamonds were less bright
Than jewels that he flung on her.

She was our child, our minds begot her,
Our hands gave her her form. Even our hearts
Were fuel to her making, the making
That bore within it all our hopes and dreams.

The sea-bird breasting out upon the main
Was not more lovely on the void than she.
The waters kissed her in her going,
Lisping at her prow, and whispering at her side.

Australia loved her as they who manned her,
Mess and ward, and were her living soul.
But home she was to them. They walked her decks,
And slept against her heart.

Now homeless look they at the sky, and homeless at the sea.
Empty their eager hearts since she has gone.
Their days are orphaned.
How lone for them the deep!

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General Alexander now directs Battle of Egypt

GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, who succeeded General Auchinleck as Commander-in-Chief, Middle East. He previously commanded in Burma.

MECHANISED FORCES in the great desert sweeps of the Battle for Egypt, where a new command has been set up since Mr. Churchill's visit.

LIEUT.-GENERAL BERNARD MONTGOMERY, commander of the Eighth Army in the Battle for Egypt.

His wife cares for own army of England's youngest evacuees

By Beam Wireless from ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Two fighting Irishmen have taken over command of the all-important battle for Egypt, in which Australian troops will continue to play a resounding part. They are General Sir Harold Alexander, now C-in-C., Middle East, and under him Lieutenant-General Bernard Montgomery, commanding the Eighth Army.

General Alexander comes from Armagh in belligerent Northern Ireland, Montgomery from Donegal in neutral Eire. Montgomery claims the right to wear a Digger hat because his father was a former Bishop of Tasmania and he lived there for some years.

GENERAL ALEXANDER is famous as the last man to leave the beach at Dunkirk, where he supervised the most tragic evacuation in military history.

He took over Southern Command, in England, and then went into the tragedy of Burma. It was not his fault that in his two big commands he had to conduct retreats.

In Egypt he hopes to put into practice the advice he gives his officers and men: "Attack, attack, and attack again, even when you're on the defensive."

I went to see his charming wife, Lady Margaret Alexander, when his new appointment was announced. She was on the job as usual at the headquarters of the Women's Voluntary Services, where she is in charge of the evacuation and care of children under five.

She wouldn't talk of her famous husband, who is the fourth son of the Earl of Caledon, wears the best of old school ties, that of Harrow, and is Sandhurst-trained for the army.

She did talk of her own children and the children of England, and the way they're being housed and cared for.

Tall, dark-haired, and pretty, Lady Margaret has worked harder than almost anyone in this service, spending nearly 10 hours daily, six days a week since the outbreak of war, looking after tiny tots and seeing them housed safely in the security of the countryside.

Lady Margaret wore the green frock of the Women's Voluntary Services with her W.V.S. badge pinned on the lapel.

She's very proud of that badge, and the service to which she belongs is very proud of Lady Margaret.

With three children of her own, the General's wife has come up from her country home every morning, leaving only a nanny in charge.

"She's very reliable, and I feel I've a duty to all the other babies, too," she said as we had tea together in the W.V.S. canteen.

The Alexanders have a girl and two boys, the youngest only two months old when war broke out.

Lady Margaret offered her services to the Government and immediately joined up with Lady Reading's rapidly-growing army of women.

Married in 1931

WITH Lady Jean Rankin (Lady Margaret's lifelong friend), Lady Birkenhead, and Australian Mrs. Rupert Scott they took over the almost insuperable task of getting children under five—who did not come under the official evacuation scheme—cared for in nurseries of the W.V.S. throughout England.

Youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, Lady Margaret was 26 when she married in 1931.

Her husband was then a very distinguished soldier, and many of the guests at the wedding were destined to become famous figures in this war, among them Lord Gort.

"Since the outbreak of war we've evacuated 15,000 children," she told me, "and during the bombing we were getting children out into the country at the rate of seventy a day.

"Even this year we sent 700 children a month to war nurseries set up by the Government, but staffed with as many W.V.S. members as we can supply.

"This month the number of children has risen to 1000; that's because young mothers going into the factories are looking towards us to care for their children while their husbands are in the army fighting, and homes are split up."

Lady Margaret, as Lady Margaret Bingham before her marriage, opened her own business in Bond Street as a house agent, finding and tenanting Mayfair homes for friends.

Finding homes for children is now her job.

"Of course, it wasn't so easy when London was being heavily bombed," she said, "but kind friends came to the rescue, and we had even a 'babies' bus' designed and given us to take children away.

"When W.V.S. workers collect babies we give them kits of clothes—many from Australian Bundles for Britain.

"People have been marvellous, lending houses. Sometimes they have given over their entire homes and we appoint matrons.

"At other times they stay on and manage the homes themselves with a trained staff.

"Mrs. Randolph Churchill has given us her home for babies, so has the Duchess of Hamilton, though she and her daughter-in-law, Lady David Hamilton, have stayed on at their home, and the new baby of Lady David (who was Prunella Stack) was born in the house, and is being brought up with the evacuated children."

Schoolboy son

GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S wife, whom he married in 1927, died five years ago. She was an artist. He has a schoolboy son.

The General is a non-smoking, non-drinking, tough soldier. A childhood friend of his family from the Donegal Mountains remembers how as a young soldier home on leave he used to tell his younger brothers and sisters: "If you're afraid of anything you've got to do it!"

He inherited his tough frame from his father, former Bishop of Tasmania, whose habit it was to walk miles over mountains when he was well over seventy.

His father died some years ago and his mother returned to their old home in Ireland, where she still lives, a handsome, vigorous old lady.

She is the daughter of Dean Farrar, author of "Eric, or Little by Little."

Hit the Hill-Billy Trail
with TEX MORTON

IN

"THE COVERED WAGON"

Sundays, 1 p.m. **2GB**

Their Stories will thrill you

"DOCTORS COURAGEOUS"

A 4 p.m. "On the Hour" feature

Mon., Tues. and Wed.

2GB

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DUKE OF KENT...adored and adoring father

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA with the father she adored on a visit to a Canadian military hospital in England.

ONE OF THE LAST FAMILY GROUPS taken before the birth on July 4 of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's third child, Prince Michael. Prince Edward will be seven on October 9, and Princess Alexandra six next Christmas Day.

AT THE ZOO. Few more charming studies of Royalty have ever been taken than this pre-war picture of the Duke with his youngsters at the Zoo.

THE DUKE joined in his children's games. On leave recently he helped his elder son, Prince Edward, set up his toys representing London's balloon barrage.

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One-Trip Darling

Continued from page 5

"RAMON VALCOUR is a polished aristocrat," she said in a voice fit to freeze a radiator. "On rye toast with mustard," I said. "What is he but a boiled shirt that blondes get flattened against?"

Doll shuddered and said: "It would be a good idea for you, Darling, to spend more time watching Ramon Valcour than playing duckpins with an oaf like Ed Stutz who sleeps in his underwear." "And how do you know that, Doretta Phelps Darling?" I barked. Then we had it hot and heavy.

I accused her of this, and she accused me of that, and then we turned off Clinton into West Adams and Doll stopped in the middle of a word and let out a squeal I looked, and there, on a bill-board, is myself. There I am, bigger than life-size, with those fishing togs on my body and a goofy look on my face, fishing away like I liked it.

You'd never guess the picture had been took in my back yard with me on a box and that fellow on my hook. I'm on a rock with paris-green woods behind me and a bright blue lake in front of me, and I'm just yanking up out of this lake a fish of some kind or another which is the size of a fire hydrant. They have given me a tan I never got lying under sinks, and have made words come out of my mouth as follows:

"Brother, I bet you wish you had one of those Easy-Paying Super-Safe Extra-Generous Annuity Policies the Frugality folks get out."

What's more, my name is there in red letters a foot high, A. B. Darling (Retired).

I pulled over to the kerb, too weak to drive in traffic. Pretty soon, Doll's eyes sank back into their sockets, and she said:

"Humph, so you've retired, hey, Darling? I see. You've been making out like you were at your plumbing, and you've been sneaking off to goodness knows where and fishing with goodness knows who."

I quietly explained that this was a lie. Doll saw my point and by the time we got to the picture show we were friends again. Just to keep peace with her I went in and saw Valcour who, as usual, is some kind of prince in some foreign place where all the gents dress like they was high-ups in some colored lodge.

As we drove home, I began to kid about me on the bill-board fishing, and what a joke it was about me being retired, and Doll said what was so funny about it? What sense, she wanted to know, was there in a man lying on his back under a leaky sink when he could be travelling and broadening himself by seeing the Grand Canyon, the Golden Gate, and other points of interest in the West and elsewhere?

To quiet her, I said we might, in the fall, go on a little trip; but that did not appease her. Our house was worse than Congress for a week or so; and then I said all right I'd retire bub, I warned Doll, I'd probably wear myself out worrying what to do with all that time on my hands.

Doll was as happy and excited as a schoolgirl. Just to make sure I wasn't retiring with my fingers crossed, she got me to sell my business to Ed Stutz.

Between us, the day I handed over to Ed the keys of my shop, I went around to the Dutchman's and got quietly stewed in the back room; but I wasn't celebrating. When Dutchy cracked, "Is it easy to quit plumbing, One-Trip, or do you have to wrench yourself away?" I give him a snarl and dared him to come outside and say that again . . .

The first piece of retiring I did consisted of a little trip to Chi. We took it slow and easy as we was breaking in the new sedan and we had a nice enough journey, but it would have been nicer if we hadn't passed so many bill-boards on which were I and the fish. Those insurance fellows had certainly spread themselves—and me—all over the country.

We stayed in Chi just a day and a night. I went to a picture show with Doll. It was the same as the last one.

Next morning we shoved off in the sedan, and before I realised it we were in Hollywood.

Next thing I knew I was walking up and down the Boulevard, and Doll was trying to get a look at some movie stars; but all we see was other folks like us doing the same thing. After a few days this sort of began to pall on yours truly.

"Doll," I remarked, "let's go home."

"One-Trip," my wife replied, "we are home—or very near it. Tomorrow we move to our new ranch in the San Fernando Valley. And that's final."

"Since when have we had a ranch in the San Fernando or any other valley?" I inquired.

"Since an hour ago when I signed a lease for one," Doll informed me.

"All right," I said. "But I warn you, Doretta Phelps Darling, I'll be no use at all as a lone cowhand. I never rode a horse in my life and I have no wish, at fifty, to do so."

"This is a walnut ranch," said Doll.

. . . . .

We moved out to the ranch next day. On the way there I bought me a sombrero.

We drove out into the country about nine miles from Hollywood, and stopped at a bungalow and Doll said, "Well, here we are."

"Where?" I asked.

"This is it," she said. "Rancho el Darling."

"It looks like what back home we'd call a big back yard with a few nut trees in it," I said.

"It is called here a junior estate," said Doll. "Now stop standing there gawking and carry in the grips."

I must say that raising walnuts is not backbreaking work. We belonged to some sort of association which planted the trees, took care of them, picked the nuts and sold them and gave us a share in the profits, if any. All we had to do is sit and watch the nuts grow. It seemed to me a rather poor way for an able-bodied man with a born talent for plumbing to spend his time; but Doll seemed so happy I didn't kick.

Next day she had to drive into Hollywood to open a bank account, and I stayed home. I went over the plumbing in the bungalow, hoping it was busted so I could fix it, but it was in good shape. Doll had warned me I must keep dressed up at all times but I sneaked into the greasy old pants I clean the car in, and moped down to the back wall of the ranch, and sat there smoking my pipe. A retired man has a right to have some fun.

I was sitting there, feeling unnecessary, and then I heard, on the other side of the wall, a tap-tap-tap. It was as sweet a sound as I ever heard. Somebody was tapping a pipe with a hammer. Up I jumped and stuck my head over the wall and there was a fellow installing a wash-bowl in a small workshop at the rear of the next property. He was a rough-looking fellow of about my age who needed a shave, a bath, and a clean pair of pants. He looked up at me and grinned. He was sort of shy of hair and teeth.

"Hi, neighbor," he said.

"Hi, neighbor," I replied. "Excuse me, but you're trying to put that pipe in upside down. Mind if I give you a hand?"

"Glad to have you help me," he said, with another grin. "Know anything about plumbing?"

"Brother," I said, as I climbed over the wall, "I was born with a soldering-iron in my mouth."

It certainly felt good to have tools in my hand again and the smell of putty in my nose.

"Gosh," he said, as he watched me work, "I wish I had your touch."

"Amateur, ain't you?" I inquired.

"Yep," he said, with a sigh.

"Well, some of this work ain't bad for an amateur," I said, just to cheer him up.

He looked tickled.

"Gimme a fill of that tobacco you're smoking," he said. "It smells grand."

"My wife claims that when I smoke it, nice people think I'm cremating a polecat," I said.

"Nice people give me a pain somewhere," he said, and stuffed his pipe, and started to puff. "Thanks——."

"Darling's the name," I told him. "I didn't pick it out myself. Call me One-Trip like they do back home in Ashtabula."

"Shake, One-Trip," he said, and stuck out a paw like a hunk of coal. "I'm an old Ohio boy myself. My name's Ray Johnston; but the folks in Ohio always called me Buster."

"Glad to know you, Buster," I said. "Hand me that wrench."

I did some plumbing, with Buster Johnston watching. He knew enough to appreciate the fine points. I never had a better audience.

"The folks you work for have got a mighty nice piece of property here," I remarked. "That's a swell-elegant house. How many bathrooms has it got?"

"Six and a half," my neighbor said.

I gave a whistle.

"That a lot for a residence of that size," I said. "Offhand, I'd say those folks are overbathroomed."

"I'm the folks who live there," Buster Johnston said. "I told the builder to leave space for as many bathrooms as possible. I installed the plumbing myself."

"Far be it from me to pass a remark," I said, "but does it work?"

Buster grinned a large grin.

"Nope," he said. "All of 'em get out of kilter at least once a month. Only last night I had to bail out my bedroom."

"I'll fix 'em for you, Bus," I said.

He shook his baldish head.

"I'll do it free, gratis and for nothing," I said.

"Thanks, One-Trip," he said, "but I'd rather let 'em leak. Fixing 'em is the most, if not the only, fun I have these days."

"Don't you get a kick out of your real work?" I asked.

He looked like he had a mouth full of sour caterpillars.

"Not any more," he said. "Same old stuff, day in, day out. I'd rather be a plumber."

"Than what?"

"Than anything," he said, plenty gruff. "So let's plumb."

We plumbed.

"You married, One-Trip?"

"Yep. Pass the putty. Are you?"

"Yep. Got a boy of twenty."

"What does he do, Bus?"

"Eats and sleeps," Bus replied. "Mind you, he's not a no-good. Just hasn't clicked yet. Ray, Junior, is handy with his hands and likes to tinker. He's got the makings of a crackerjack mechanic, and what do you think his mother is trying to make out of him? An actor!

"Now, mind you," he went on, "I'm not knocking Margie, or the movies, or anything. The movies are all right, if you like 'em, and so are wives. But wives are women, and women just naturally are people who want a man to do something else."

Just then from my nut grove came Doll's voice: "Oh, yoooooo-hoooooo, One-Trip. Come here and help me carry in the groceries."

"See what I mean about women?" remarked Bus.

A lady with a loud voice hollered from his house. "Oh, Ray—Raaaaaaay, It's nearly dinnertime, and I bet you need a bath."

"I see what you mean," I said.

Bus hollered towards his house, "Be up in a few minutes, Margie."

Then he turned to me and said, "Suppose I didn't go?"

Doll paged me some more. "Oh, One-Trip, I know you're around somewhere. I can smell that glue factory you smoke. Come out, come out, wherever you are."

"Suppose," said Bus, in a low, stubborn voice, "neither of us went! Suppose we just set here and let 'em wait till we got good and ready."

"I'm game," I whispered back.

We smoked a minute, maybe a minute and a quarter.

THEN I said: "I guess I'd better go. When you got somebody to worry about you it's sort of mean to worry her. Don't you think so?"

"Glad you said it first," said Bus. "Well, guess that was about the shortest sit-down strike in history."

Doll stuck her head over the wall and saw us. "Oh, there you are, you little rascal," she said, playful enough. Then she saw Bus, and looked none too pleased. I said, "Doll, shake hands with my new pal, Buster Johnston."

She said, "Howdodo," without opening her lips.

"Glad to know you, Mrs. Darling," said Bus. His smile was polite but gummy.

I could tell Doll did not care for his looks. He could, too.

"If I'd 've known I was going to meet a lady," he said, "I'd 've worn my best Sunday suit."

He meant it comical, so Doll smiled; but I've seen bigger, warmer smiles on frozen mice.

"So long, Bus," I said.

"How about coming over here to-morrow morning—'bout seven—so we can do some plumbing and gabbing before I go to the treadmill?" Bus asked.

Before I could say "Swell," Doll said, "Sorry, but I have some very important work I want my husband to do for me. It will keep him busy indefinitely. Good night."

I shrugged and followed her into the bungalow. "Say, what's the important work?" I asked.

"I want you not to hang around with that frowsy man next door," said Doll. "I don't want our new neighbors to get the idea that you prefer low company, even if you do."

"Mr. Johnston is a well-to-do gentleman with a weakness for plumbing," I retorted. "He may not be a Ramon Valcour, but he's a right guy, and I intend to go over to his house and plumb with him any time I see fit——"

"What do you mean—his house?" said Doll, in a peculiar voice. "Does he live there—?"

"Sure. Him and his wife and his son."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear," said Doll in a sort of long moan. "Oh, dear."

"What ails you?" I asked.

"I should 've known him by his eyes," she said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Ramon Valcour."

"Now what has that panty-waist got to do with Buster Johnston?" I asked.

"He is Buster Johnston," said my wife. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"That," I said, "is a slander, a libel and a lie."

"I wish it was," said Doll, "but it's true. I know for a fact that that is Ramon Valcour's residence. The real-estate man showed it to me on the map."

. . . . .

Next morning I went over and plumbed some with Buster. I asked him was he really Valcour and he said, with a snarl, "Yeah. Want to make anything out of it?" I said I didn't, and we laid off the subject.

We had a lot of fun, working together, Bus and me, and then, after a coupla weeks, one night, at supper, Doll said: "You homesick, One-Trip?"

"Sure. Sometimes," I replied. "But not as much as formerly. After all, Doll, you can't expect me to get the old town and the old shop out of my system in a couple or three months——"

"We did have fun in Ashtabula," said Doll, and she hove a sigh.

"Now don't sigh for me," I said. "I'll be hunky-dory."

"But you wouldn't mind going home, would you?" Doll asked.

"Great Caesar's goats, do you want to, Doll?" I exclaimed in considerable surprise. "I thought living next door to a certain party tickled you pink."

"I'm not ticklish any more," said Doll.

Stranger in Ashtabula, ain't you, Mister? Well, if it's plumbing you want, you're in the right shop. Yep, I'm back at the old stand and busy and happy as a pup with a slipper. I got a junior partner now. He's still a bit green, but learning fast. He'll be a star some day—in the plumbing world. Hey, come here, young Buster. He'll take care of you, Mister. I was to go down to the Bijou-Dream and see the first show. It's "King's Kiss, Too," and, say, does Old Buster mow down those blonde mammas! Don't miss it, Mister. I've seen it three times. But I can't get the wife to go.

(Copyright)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Of course it's chic! It's the latest thing from Paris, designed under the supervision of Hitler himself."

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

In the advertisement which appeared in last week's issue the prices quoted for Listerine Antiseptic were 1/7, 3/2, and 6/-. These should have been 1/6, 3/-, and 5/9.

NEVA CARR-GLYN, who plays the schoolmistress in "The Citadel," now being broadcast from Station 2GB.

"The Citadel" now a radio serial

Dr. A. J. Cronin's best-seller, "The Citadel," which was also a successful screen play, is now being presented as a radio serial.

A half-hour episode dramatised from the book will be heard from 2GB at 7.18 every Friday night.

"THE CITADEL" stirred public imagination because it told a dramatic and arresting story of certain practices in the medical world and hit at fashionable doctors who place money-making before service to humanity.

It is the story of a young doctor's struggle to earn a living in a Welsh mining town. Later he is persuaded to desert the villagers and become a fashionable doctor. His experience is short-lived, and he returns to the only work he considers should be done by a doctor desirous of serving humanity.

To do justice to the material in the novel the producers of the radio version have assembled a particularly strong cast. One of the biggest difficulties was to cast the role of Andrew Manson.

A number of leading actors were auditioned, recordings made, and carefully examined. So excellent were several of the performers that the final selection provided a tough problem. Eventually the choice fell on Ronald Morse.

Neva Carr-Glyn fills the role of Christine, the local schoolmistress who marries Dr. Manson and shares in his defeats as well as his triumphs.

"The Citadel" has a strong supporting cast, including Arundel Nixon (in the role of Phillip Denny), Hilda Scurr, Harvey Adams, Lou Vernon, Richard Parry, Lloyd Lamble, John Nugent Hayward, Ethel Lang, John Tate, and Lyndall Barbour.

THE AUSTRALIAN SESSION FROM 2GB WOMEN'S WEEKLY

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 2.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, September 3.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, September 4.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, September 5.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, September 6. — Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, September 7.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, September 8.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

Interesting People

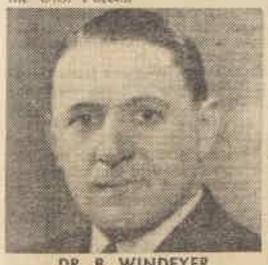
—Austin Murcott.

MR. S. ADDISON
. . . Food, letters, uniforms

RECENTLY APPOINTED controller, Central Headquarters for V.A.D.'s, Mr. Stanley Addison, M.B.E., of Melbourne, has a big administrative job, including provision of uniforms for the 8000 V.A.'s not attached to the army on service in Australia. He is also assistant director, Central Red Cross Bureau, which is responsible for food, clothing, and letters for all Australian prisoners of war.

MISS HELEN HALL
. . . U.S. service clubs

IN Australia as American Red Cross administrative assistant in charge of service clubs and leave areas, Miss Helen Hall is on leave of absence from the Henry Street settlement, New York, where she has been director for nine years. She has charge of all service club personnel and welfare work in leave recreational areas in Australia for the U.S. Forces.



DR. B. WINDEYER
. . . Radiology

CABLES from London announce that Dr. Brian Windeyer has been appointed Professor of Radiology, University of London, first Australian to hold this distinguished medical post. After graduating at Sydney University Dr. Windeyer continued his studies in Paris, and later took his F.R.C.S. at Edinburgh. He holds a senior appointment at Middlesex Hospital, England.

Nothing To Lose

Continued from page 2

"YOU'RE different. This means something more to you than a way of making money," he had told her.

"You want to get on, and you will. You'll dance well to-night, just because you don't want to dance all your life."

After Alan sailed, it seemed more important than ever that she should make a material success of her life to compensate for the blank aching space he had left in it. And gradually, with Burk ever present, she forgot him.

"I didn't know you and Burk were friends," Judith said, as they climbed the hill to the Gastons'. "You're not the type."

Alan laughed.

"No?" he said. "You'd be surprised to learn how much the army's changed me. I was doing some business through Turners' while on sick leave a few months ago when I met your husband, and we've been firm friends ever since."

"Sick leave!" cried Judith. "You look fit enough now."

Alan indicated a long scar running down his temple.

"Got that over there," he explained. "As a matter of fact, I think that's why Burk likes me. They won't take him, so he gets a kind of pleasure from hearing about my adventures and identifying himself with the hero of them . . . A good fellow, Burk. He has invited me to stay at your house when he comes back from Brisbane."

"Oh!" Judith tried to compose her voice before she continued. "That would be lovely, Alan, but of course it's—"

"Impossible?" he was saying. "Of course it would be intolerable for us to be in the same house while you are Burk's wife . . . Oh, I could bear it all right—we learn endurance in the army—but it's you. It would drive you mad."

How did he know? How could he know that she loved him still? She sought a temporary peace in the knowledge that her feeling was returned. And suddenly the car had stopped and she was aware of his arm, strong and reassuring, about her shoulders.

"Judith!" he whispered urgently. "I love you as Burk could never love you—always I have loved you like that. Come away with me now. You need never go back!"

His hand was caressing her cheek very gently, then he tilted her face upward and pressed his lips to hers. Then as Alan released her she remembered the social and financial security that marriage with Burk had always meant for her.

With Alan she would miss all that. It would mean being ostracised by her fashionable acquaintances, and desperate loneliness while he was away in camp. Burk would give her divorce, but there would be scandal.

Then after the war Alan would probably return to his old ways. There would be absolute poverty at times while he fluctuated between jobs. Better to have nothing to do with him, and quietly to resume her life with Burk.

Alan refused to regard her reply as final and binding.

"Of course I'll take advantage of Burk's kind offer," he said, tormenting her, "and stay with you for about a month. After that you can choose between us. And, Judith!" he said, his face distorted with passionate longing. "If you don't choose me, just remember that I could make Burk decide for you."

"You wouldn't dare!" Judith breathed, but his answer came back hotly. "Why not? I've nothing to lose."

. . . . . .

Judith's dream changed abruptly to nightmare proportions, and during the next few days while she wanted the sense of saneness and stability Burk's presence always brought, yet she dreaded his return.

Long into the night she would pace nervously the length of her bedroom, trying to find some solution to the conflict within her.

Only a week, five days, then three. Judith's maid brought in her letters with her late breakfast.

Judith glanced at the letters. None from Burk. Only a couple of invitations, a casual message from Ann asking her to come over to the Gastons' flat for swimming and breakfast the next morning, and—surely that writing was Alan's? She tore the letter open impatiently, her fingers trembling. Could he have relented and decided not to bother her? But no. It told her only that he was calling to see her that night at eight.

With startling suddenness, Judith thought of a desperate plan to win back peace and happiness

After a moment, however, the full significance of Alan's letter struck her.

His remark: "I hope I shall find you at home," seemed ominous to this woman who saw that she was being blackmailed because of his knowledge of her past.

Her hand was still unsteady as she lit a cigarette. She walked restlessly to the window, the letter still in her hand, then gazing out she put the note back into its envelope and burnt it deliberately with the tiny end of flame.

She had been gazing at the trapdoor in the middle of the garden path when the scheme struck her with an intensity that made her wonder why she had not thought of it before. Here was a very simple means of ridding herself of the threat to the security of her life. If the main gate were locked, and the door of the cellar chanced to be open . . .

Judith waited impatiently for nightfall, then she set about her task coolly. Strange that all her feeling for Alan had suddenly died with the conception of this plan, and she could go coldly about her business of preparing his destruction.

The girl Molly left at six, and then she was alone in the house. The other servants lived in a wing that projected from the back, so far away that they were not likely to hear her movements or even a loud noise in the night. She fastened the great wrought-iron gates and went round to the garden path, where she received a shock, for the trapdoor of the cellar was already open. She could just make out its contours in the gloom. Molly must have left it open in her excitement to be gone.

Well, so much the better. There was sure to be a fuss, and she was glad she was not responsible for this major factor in the "accident."

Now she must go to sleep and wait for morning to come. Ann's message was opportune, she thought as she undressed slowly. Going down to the flat in the morning she would have to open the gates at the end of the driveway. There would be no reason for anyone to suspect that they had ever been locked.

. . . . . .

When morning came, Judith dressed quickly, being careful not to look through the window, and hurried down to the garage.

Passing under the kurrajongs she stopped the car and opened the gates. The iron was wet from the night's rain, and all about her the air was fresh and clear. Judith passed through the gates, accelerating along the lonely streets until she came to the Gastons' flat. Ann was waiting for her, swinging a surf-towel gaily at her side.

Judith found it was not difficult to be cheerful on such a morning, and she responded to Ann's gaiety as they walked down to the pool behind the flats, the light wind flushing their cheeks and blowing their hair about.

The water was icy at first, but after swimming about and splashing each other like children it seemed only pleasantly cool against their skin. Judith lay back in it, gazing dreamily across the harbor, darkly green in the early light. She seemed to be very far away from Burk's house now. But the harbor grew bluer as the sun rose high in the heavens, and it was almost time for breakfast.

Ann was already standing on the edge of the pool, shaking the water from her supple glistening body. Judith hesitated to leave the cool waters, for while she swam or merely drifted through the iridescent shallows she could forget that there awaited her at home the consequences of a crime she could not regret.

Judith breakfasted slowly, chatting gaily with Ann and her husband, for she wanted to delay her homecoming as long as possible, but at length she drove back to Burk's house. When she went inside, the telephone was ringing, so she picked up the receiver hastily. Then she gasped as she heard the familiar voice.

Alan! So her plan had not worked. Judith did not know whether to be relieved or angry.

"Hello, Judith?" he was saying, soberly. "At last I can talk to you. I didn't like to put it in that note, in case it fell into someone else's hands. All the week, when you refused to speak to me, I've been trying to apologise for behaving as I did that night. It was the first time I had seen you for twelve years. That's why I lost my head.

"The Gastons and the others all said you were happily married, and meeting Burk last night convinced me that I'm definitely only a third party, so I'm going away to-day and you need never see me again. Can you ever forgive me, Judith?"

"Alan!" she cried unsteadily. "Did you say you saw Burk last night?"

His voice seemed to mock her as he answered. "Yes, didn't he tell you? I met him coming from the airport. I was on my way to see you, but as he was back I thought it would be better to ring you to-day instead. Burk was very pleased to see me, of course, but he said he was going straight home—wanted to give you a surprise . . .

"Why! What's the matter? Judith! What's the matter? Hasn't he come home?"

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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Taking a convoy to Russia

"WE took a convoy from Iceland through the Barents Sea to the Arctic, and then to one of the northern ports in Russia.

"I was in the crew of one of the destroyers that fought the action in the northern passage to Russia just by Bear Island, in the Arctic Ocean."

THIS thrilling experience, told by Ord.-Seaman James Wiseman to his sister, Miss Margaret Wiseman, David St., Marrickville, N.S.W., is one of the highlights of this week's "Letters from our Boys."

"I'm not going to tell you too much about it except that I was in the action gun's crew, up forward, in the leading destroyer.

"It was hell while it lasted, but I am back in Britain safe and sound.

"Please do not worry over me as God will keep me safe and sound, and bring me safely back to you.

"Couldn't see too much of Russia, as we were at action stations all the six days we were there.

"By the way, I have a few interesting little souvenirs from Iceland and Russia, also stamps and money, badges, etc., which will be interesting to see when I come home.

"Also I have a piece of shrapnel which tore one of my slippers to pieces and then embedded itself in my hammock."

Sgt.-Pilot Ben Gibbons in England to his wife in Homer St., Earlwood, N.S.W.:

"I WAS on the Cologne raid, and very nearly stayed there, too.

"You've never seen such a beautiful fire in all your life—an inferno that even Dante couldn't imagine.

"We were actually looking for a place with no fires to drop our bombs when a huge cone of searchlights caught us, and did we take a pasting—or did we!

"After diving to 4000 feet we got rid of them, and were just setting out for home when they picked us up again, and then the fun started.

"But this time we were being hit rather badly, and one engine had packed up—the oil and petrol pipe lines having been shot away.

"The skipper tok' us to get ready to jump. We were then at 400 feet, but our guns were still going, putting out searchlights till we managed to get clear.

"From there on we hedge-hopped all the way across the Continent."

P.-O. Leon Lyons, R.A.A.F. in England, to his mother, Mrs. R. F. Lyons, Barcaldine, Qld.:

"I HAD leave and visited a town in the South of England and put up at an hotel.

"The Alert went at 1.45 next morning and woke me up.

Ack-ack guns spluttered away, planes roared overhead, and some bombs exploded.

"After some time of this I could smell and hear fire, and got up to see if it was my pub on fire.

"Some elderly ladies asked me what the light was. I told them from fires down the street, and one said: 'Oh, well, we need not be so fussy about our torches, then.'"

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LEAVING CHURCH. Lieut. David Hohnen, A.I.F., and his pretty bride leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. Mrs. Hohnen was formerly Norma Lane. David's brother, George Hohnen, just returned from Middle East, was best man.

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Executive members of National Shilling Drive for Servicewomen, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax (left), Mr. O. D. A. Obery, and Lady Butters, leaving Government House after meeting to discuss plans.

DANCING AT PRINCE'S. Jasmin Barton and fiance Lieut. John Ludowici celebrate John's leave dining and dancing. No wedding date has been decided by couple yet.

INTIMATE Gottings

LUCKY NUMBER competition. Mrs. Lynn Vickery (right) is sold lucky tickets by Mrs. Bill Kendall (left) and Mrs. Bill Campbell for gowns at the Opportunity Model Parade at Prince's. Proceeds from the afternoon benefit Peter Pan Free Kindergarten.

"SINCE taking up this appeal I have become quite knowledgeable as to what constitutes 'hot' news," says Lady Gowrie when she addresses meeting at Government House on the National Shilling Drive for Servicewomen.

Plans for drive, which is sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. in affiliation with the Australian Comforts Fund, are discussed at meeting with representatives of women's organisations.

Lady Wakehurst, who presides, greets guests as they arrive. Telegrams from Sir Earle Page and the Attorney-General (Dr. Evatt) are read at meeting.

Representing the A.W.A.S. is Major Eleanor Manning, and Flight-Officer J. A. Opie represents the W.A.A.A.F.

Watching guests arrive for meeting, police officer at Government House shakes his head and says: "Times have certainly changed. First time I've seen these ladies walk to Government House. They always used to come in their cars."

• • •

MOST popular form of adult craft work taught by Children's Library Movement since the rationing is glove-making.

Morning, afternoon, and evening classes instruct women to make their gloves in their own homes. They bring their own material, and pay two shillings for a lesson. Usually the craft is mastered in three lessons.

"We use the money received for the lessons to further the library movement," says organising secretary Mrs. J. Matheson.

• • •

RELATIVES and friends of members of the 2/7th Armored Regiment are invited to attend the next meeting of the newly-formed Younger Set at 37 Pitt Street, on September 8, at 6 p.m.

ENERGETIC WORKERS. Mrs. C. J. Wifell (left), Mrs. E. Cowper, and Mrs. Louis Pirenne unload fruit and vegetables from Red Cross utility truck to stock Double Bay Red Cross shop.

LOVELY sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring being worn by Marcelle Poate, just engaged to Sergeant-Pilot Alan Campbell, R.A.A.F.

Marcelle is holidaying at family cottage at Burradoo, and will complete kindergarten training course when she returns to Sydney in three weeks' time.

• • •

"WHAT a lovely rug! We must hurry up and complete ours, Joan," says Lady Wakehurst to private secretary Joan Holman when she inspects clothing depot of Far Eastern Welfare Auxiliary.

The rugs are gaily colored knitted squares sewn together.

Members of Lady Wakehurst's family and household are all busily engaged in making similar rug to present to auxiliary.

• • •

MRS. TIM OSBORNE and baby daughter Geraldine down from Singleton, and staying with Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munro, at their Bellevue Hill home.

"WE'RE going to be individuals from now on," says Vernita Williams, when she and her twin sister, Veronica, are parted for the first time when "Ronnie" joins the W.A.A.A.F. and commences rookie course.

"Nita" is completing her training at the Metropolitan Business College.

Twins are attractive daughters of singer Harold Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Bellevue Hill.

• • •

NO more city life for Barbara Holliday, young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Dick Holliday.

"Hope you don't want me to come to Sydney for the school holidays, as this is the most interesting time in the country," writes Barbara, who has been attending school in Wagga.

So Mrs. Holliday packs her bag and catches a train to visit her daughter in the country.

Maggie Fielding-Jones delighted at prospect of seeing her three small daughters, Annette, Dinah, and Moana, who come down from Blackheath, where they have been attending school.

Mrs. Teddy Houghton lends them her Bowral home for the children's holidays.

• • •

MATRON M. BOYDELL, new matron of the District Nursing Association, receives congratulations on appointment at annual meeting of the association held last week.

Matron Boydell proudly displays white gold wristlet watch presented to her by staff of Lady Wakehurst Home when she left there to take up her new duties.

• • •

TWIN son and daughter for Lieut. and Mrs. Laidley Cay. Names chosen are David Laidley and Diana Nelse.

Lieut. Cay gets special leave to visit his wife at Women's Hospital, Crown Street, and while in town stays with his two sisters, Mrs. S. A. Black and Miss Penelope Cay, at Darling Point.

Betty

Heard Around TOWN

HONEYMOONING at her husband's family home at Balaclava is Mrs. Colin Ross, former Susette Marriott.

She has given up her war job of making bullets in munitions factory. Hopes to share a house with her sister, Mrs. Owen Wright, and Mrs. Doug Munro in the country to be near her husband, who is in camp.

Owen and Doug also in same regiment as Colin.

• • •

WEDDING planned for University vacation in December by Patricia McGirr and Grevor Molyneux, who announced engagement last week.

Both are University students. Patricia trains as occupational therapist, while Grevor does engineering course.

• • •

CORPORAL LORRIE BARNES, of the W.A.A.A.F., transferred to Melbourne, where she studies at officers' training school.

Fiance Lieut. Claude Fay is also stationed in Victoria.

• • •

QUIET wedding. Nancy Throsby and Roald Edin, of Larvic, Norway, marry at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, last week.

Relatives and few family friends attend ceremony.

• • •

BIRTHDAY greetings by cable this week for five-year-old Michael Buckingham from his daddy, Flight-Lieut. Campbell Buckingham, R.A.A.F., who is in London. Michael also eagerly anticipating arrival of birthday parcel.

Mrs. Buckingham arranges children's party at her Vaucluse home for Michael's friends last Saturday.

BRISBANE picture of Lieut. and Mrs. Bruce Walker taken during Bruce's leave. Mrs. Walker, formerly Yvonne Du Boise, of Sydney, is sharing house at Ascot with Mrs. Scotch MacDonald and Mrs. George Miller.

SEWING IN THE SUNSHINE. Members of Active Service Comforts Fund Depot, Darling Point. Seated: Mrs. Eric Broughton (right), Mrs. Noel Mair, and president of depot, Mrs. R. J. Whiteman. Standing: Mrs. R. Burgess (left) and Miss Frances Windeyer do their war work in garden at Mrs. Whiteman's home.

SOUVENIR. Inspecting model of bronze cannon. Mrs. John Dyson (left) with Lieut. and Mrs. Peter Swift at tea party given by Gallipoli Legion of Anzac War Auxiliary.

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Simple frocks with individual touches...

• An eye-catching frock of the brightest red sheer wool, made in a severely simple style that takes even less than 3 yards of material. Inset bands of black floral make it look like a stunning jumper suit.

• Try a little nonsense to pep up a strictly sensible frock in heavy green silk crepe. This dress has a waistband made of four rows of multi-colored ribbons. Try making yourself a handbag and a cute little fez cap to match.

• Slender-fitting frock interpreted in purple sheer wool, which cleverly saves fabric by having an inset yoke and cuffs made from an odd scrap of white silk and margined with lace, which is unrationed. The saucy little hat is made of the same material and edged with starched lace.

+ + +

• The lass at the left adds verve to a "plain Jane" frock in bright blue with a green suede belt, through which she slots a pouch bag in gay red felt. Just for fun she makes a miniature bag to pin on the bodice.

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BURNS

Treat promptly with IODEX

A NURSE SAYS: "Iodex is the best application for burns I have ever used. One patient described it as 'truly wonderful the way it takes the burn out of it.'"

★*IODEX is soothing, healing and highly antiseptic and should be in every home.*

PRICE 2/-, *from all chemists*

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

They'll play for hours with HARBUTT'S Plasticine

There's nothing like "Plasticine" for keeping children happy and contented. Hygienic, and easy to handle, "Plasticine" helps to develop the creative instinct. Ask at your local store.

Agents: Pansford, Newman & Benson, 234 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE & 56 York Street, SYDNEY

New Tweed Coat from Old

● The cosy overcoat pictured here was made from a woman's 6-year-old topcoat — and wins this week's prize in our coupon-saving contest.

MOTHERS with bouncing boys on their hands will be happy to read how they can utilise the best parts of adults' worn or discarded coats to make smart topcoats for their fledglings.

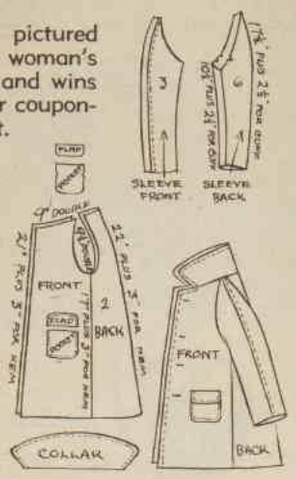
This week's prizewinner in our coupon-saving competition is a fine example, and Mrs. Calder-Smith, the winner, is to be congratulated on her enterprise.

By making this coat for her son she saved herself £3/3/- and 18 coupons for her country and wins a prize of £1 from The Australian Women's Weekly.

She simply unpicked and turned a discarded topcoat and placed front and back of child's coat patterns on the front and back sections of the opened-out coat; the sleeve patterns were placed on the original turned sleeves. The collar and pockets were cut from various sections.

The sections were then tacked carefully together and then machined.

The diagrams and measurements given above right will aid any mother in the making of a similar coat for a 4 to 5-year-old. A 2-inch hem was allowed so that the coat can be let down for next winter's wear.



THESE DIAGRAMS will aid you in the making of a coat like the one illustrated right.

TO encourage and help all readers to save coupons, The Australian Women's Weekly is awarding cash prizes every week for clever transformation or renovation ideas.

By saving coupons you are helping your country—you are assisting in the conservation of manpower, materials, and money.

You are helping the national war effort.

Enter now! The Australian Women's Weekly is giving a cash prize of £1 for the best idea of the week and 5/- will be paid for all others published.

Photographs and negative or sketch plus diagrams and full description of the made-over article of renovation must accompany each entry.

Address your coupon-saving idea to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

WARWICK CALDER - SMITH photographed in the coat that cost nothing and saved 18 coupons for his country's benefit.

NO-WAITING TONIC

Have you to-day the vigour, enterprise and staying power that mean so much in business, social life, and personal happiness? Or are you listless, run - down, lacking in energy? There's a remedy - quick, certain and pleasant. Take just one glass of WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic," and you'll feel a wave of strength surging through your body. Continue regularly and in a short while you'll feel livelier, more alert, able to snap your fingers at the worries and weariness of war-strain.

WINCARNIS enriches your blood, fortifies the nerves and brain. Made from rich, full-bodied wine, and containing two important fortifying vitamins, it is a wonderful tonic for men and women of all ages. Over 26,000 recommendations from medical men prove its value. Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS, and face up to your future with happy confidence.***

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of **Orlex Compound**, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."***

HÆMORRHOIDS
Quick, Lasting Relief

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's **Vaculoid**, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. **Vaculoid** has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. All chemists sell **Vaculoid** with this guarantee.

Fashion FROCK SERVICE

Trio of smart blouses

"ELAINE," "EVELYN," and "PATRICIA" are attractively tailored blouses and are obtainable either ready to wear or traced ready to cut out and make yourself.

They are available in white, blue, lemon, and green sheer linen or white, sky, pink, and green crepe-de-chine.

Ready to wear: 32, 34, and 36-inch bust, 17/11 (6 cpns.); 38 and 40-inch bust, 19/11 (6 cpns.) Postage 1/2d.

Traced ready to make yourself: 32, 34, and 36-inch bust, 12/11 (5 cpns.); 38 and 40-inch bust, 14/9 (5 cpns.) Postage 1/0d.

HOW to obtain "Elaine," "Evelyn" and "Patricia."

In N.S.W. send postal note for the required amount to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney.

In other States use addresses given on pattern page of this issue.

When ordering be sure to state your bust measurement and name of model.

Pimples and Bad Skin Fought in 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies, and Red Blotches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy, but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways. 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skins to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Weedon, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without results. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your Chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch

For CHILDREN'S HACKING COUGHS at NIGHT

WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

£1000 FOR A NOVEL

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great **£2000 Fiction Contest**

Entries for the serial section of the contest close on **Sept. 30, 1942**

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SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

DAINTY COLLAR AND CUFF SETS.

No. 1 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires ⅜yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide.
No. 4 requires ½yd., 36ins. wide.

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3164.—Attractive style with extended shoulder-line and side fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2270.—An easy-to-make and effective bag and glove set. Requires: ⅜yd. for gloves, and ½yd. for bag, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F165.—Smartly tailored weskit-blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1¼yds., 36ins. wide., Pattern, 1/4.

F3348.—Simple but flattering frock featuring contrasting yoke and sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2⅞yds. and ⅜yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3375.—Trim and youthful frock with front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅜yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2189.—Charming little dressmaker suit for spring. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3369.—Engaging floral frock with heart-shaped neckline and unusual skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅜yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 499P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN ..... STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 5/9/42.

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Guard sensitive skin during Winter with Lournay Foundation Film. This invisible film gives the skin a luminous glow and is the perfect foundation for its matching face powder shade.

Lournay Face Powder in perfect skin blends: Peachbloom, Roseglow, Dawn Pink, Frangipani.

Also available in Wartime Emergency Pack.

Courage and beauty go hand in hand to face the stern realities of war. Lournay cosmetics make a contribution of beauty to gallant woman of to-day by maintaining the essentials of make-up with their superbly blended shades to provide correct make-up for all types. In these carefully selected and perfectly blended shades you will find the perfect tone in Lournay face powder for your particular colouring.

Lournay

COSMETICS

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Carry your head proudly

● As the years come and go your neck thickens or grows scraggy, your chin doubles unless you take care . . . keep your neck slender, youthful, and lovely.

By MARY ROSE, Beauty Expert to . . . The Australian Women's Weekly.

DON'T you think that the girl pictured above has a lovely neck, a firm attractive chin? . . . Girls! No matter how beautiful your eyes, or how smooth your skin, you will not feel and look lovely if your chin is double, or your neck is thick and creased.

BELIEVE me when I say that a slender, rounded, youthful neck and chinline are wonderful assets to a woman's appearance.

No girl should have a thick neck with horizontal creases marring its smoothness.

And no girl or woman need put up with double or treble chins.

It's their very own fault if they do.

I ran into a plumpish woman a few days ago and was convinced that she had grown slimmer and more attractive to look at than of yore.

She said she weighed the same, but (she whispered) she'd been exercising her neck as a result of the advice I'd given her. Later she was going to get down to tin-tacks about her body-weight and be consistent with exercise in that direction.

Her reduced neck and firmer jaw-line was so encouraging.

So that was the secret!

The right exercises, consistently carried out, do improve the neck and throatline.

Here are several that I can thoroughly recommend:

(1) Simply swing your head in a circle. As you turn your head let it go down as far as possible on the shoulders, as far back as you can, and down on the chest. You will find that you will be dizzy if you circle the head more than twice or thrice in one direction. Stop and swing it in the opposite direction. Repeat at least a dozen times.

(2) Hold your head normally and keep your chin firm and erect. Now purse your lips slightly and say "Q"; and say "X," widening your mouth and tightening your jaw as you do so. Put your hand on the throat, just under the chin, as you do this, and note how the muscles spring into action.

(3) Throw your head back as far as you can and open and shut your mouth. Do this ten times.

(4) With your right hand give your chin a series of hard "lifts" as if you were trying to stretch your neck and make it longer.

This practised regularly does actually make the neck seem longer, and assists greatly in the cultivation of a clear curve between neck and throat. It also keeps those dreaded sagging muscles at bay.

(5) Place the palm of the hand firmly on the right cheek. Now press against cheek while turning the head to the right, resisting all the time. Repeat with left hand on left cheek.

(6) Next place the back of the hand beneath the chin, press up with the hand as hard as possible, and bend your head down until it almost touches the chest.

(7) Now complete the exercises by clasping the hands behind your head and forcing the head backwards, resisting meanwhile with the hands.

You need not do them all, but include the first exercise in any group you choose to follow and soon you will carry your head proudly and admiring eyes will follow you wherever you go.

Rosemary for loveliness

YOU can make yourself a delicately-fragrant face lotion, which will soften and whiten your skin and renew its vitality, by using sprigs of rosemary.

Gather a goodly quantity of sprigs and put them in a large saucepan, bring to the boil and allow to boil rapidly for a few minutes, then allow to simmer for about half an hour. Simply strain the liquor off through a colander, and then, before bottling, strain it again through butter muslin. It will now be ready for use.

This should be applied to the skin after cleansing and before using your favorite foundation cream.

Soak a scrap of cotton-wool with the rosemary lotion and pat it gently into the skin. Allow it to dry in thoroughly before applying make-up.

Of course you can pat it into your face and neck at night (after thorough cleansing of the skin). In windy weather, of course, you pat in a skin food or cream before slipping into bed.

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It's bad for morale to let figures go, and it's bad for efficiency, too. So when you need a foundation garment be sure you get a Berlei that fits you, one that will give you real comfort and support. Have it personally fitted by an expert corsetiere (there's a Berlei-trained corsetiere in most stores throughout Australia).

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Cash prizes for these!

● When family or friends applaud a special dish at the table write down the recipe and send it in to our contest. It may win you a prize and be enjoyed by thousands of other families.

"HOOTS, mon, that's nae haggis," said bonny Jeanie, a member of the staff, to another Scot when she tasted this week's first prize-winning dish.

"Aye, but it's good, laddie," she added, helping herself to some more.

There is oatmeal in it, and, to add to its Scotch-Australian nationality, it tastes first cousin to good American fried cornmeal mush.

There's certainly an around-the-world flavor, says Olwen Francis, to this week's competition, for next comes the Irish brown bread—a simple recipe worth trying by all readers—and then the Chinese casserole of vegetables.

I remember a dainty Chinese University graduate demonstrating this recipe in a city theatre several years ago. There was some talk then of using bamboo shoots and lotus buds in the mixture. That reminds me of a very special Chinese dish containing bamboo shoots served at an important dinner quite recently to a distinguished Chinese guest. Everyone ate the bamboo shoots except the guest!

The recipe for the sweet floats is a quick, delicious way of using stale bread. The home-made camp pie is a useful one to have in the recipe file, while the savory veal and apple rolls is that something-different-for-dinner recipe for which everyone is looking.

A sample came in with the green granadilla jam and, readers, take it from me, it is worth using up those granadillas, every one of them.

The mint cakes are good either hot or cold.

STRAWBERRIES growing in the garden, and so this luscious sweet goes to table! See recipe for strawberry custard tart below. It's great!

FRUIT HAGGIS

Half pound beef suet, 1lb. Scotch oatmeal, ½lb. currants, ½lb. raisins or sultanas (or more), 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon salt.

Chop suet finely, put in thick saucepan and render down, then add oatmeal, salt, and fruit. Cook about 20 minutes until oatmeal is toasted a little. Add water then, and cook slowly for about 1 hour (preferably in double pan) till all is thoroughly cooked. Turn into dish to set, cut slices off as required, and warm in oven or fry. Excellent dish for breakfast on a cold morning.

First Prize of £1 to L. Campbell, Darley, Bacchus Marsh, Vic.

HOME-MADE CAMP PIE

One pound sausage meat, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ½lb. bacon (rather fat), 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup milk, salt, 2 hard-boiled eggs (for garnishing).

Cut bacon into dice. Mix all ingredients together in bowl. Turn into a greased basin, tie greased paper over top and steam for 2 hours, unmould, and allow to become cold and firm, then garnish with hard-boiled egg. Excellent for the lunch-box if steamed in individual moulds. In this case cooking takes only 1 hour, or 1½ hours, according to size of moulds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. H. Nicholls, 20 Halcyon Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

IRISH BROWN BREAD

Three-quarters pound plain wholemeal flour, salt, 2oz. butter, ½lb. white flour, 1 heaped teaspoon bicarb. soda, 2 heaped tablespoons bran, ½ pint thick, sour milk.

Mix flours, add salt, and rub in fat. Add soda and bran. Mix to an elastic dough with the milk, turn on to a floured board, and form into a flat cake. Place on oven slide, mark in four, and brush with milk. Bake about 45 minutes in quick oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Uren, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

CHINESE CASSEROLE OF VEGETABLES

Cut into small pieces carrots, turnips, beans, trombone, cabbage, etc. Cook in a very little salted water. As soon as they are tender, strain. Put the vegetables into a round dish or pan. Cover with a good gravy and dot with chips of butter, and keep hot. Break an egg or eggs into a basin, season with pepper and salt, and beat lightly.

Have a pan ready with hot fat, pour in the egg and cook quickly, loosening it carefully around edges with a knife. When golden brown underneath, turn and cook just for a minute on the other side. Then slip it quickly on to the top of your vegetables and serve at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss O. Watkins, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

GREEN GRANADILLA JAM

Three pounds green granadilla, 2½lb. sugar, juice 2 large lemons.

Cut granadilla into small pieces, weigh, then put into basin. Pour over 1lb. sugar and let stand all night.

In morning put on to boil. Boil about ½ hour, then add rest of sugar and lemon juice, and boil until a nice consistency when cooled on saucer.

N.B.: Boil seeds up with a little of the juice from granadilla pulp, strain, and add to the jam with the second lot of sugar and lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Atkinson, Gargett, via Mackay, Qld.

FLOATS

(Delicious for a Supper Dish or Luncheon)

Cut some even slices of bread half an inch in thickness, remove crusts, and shape pieces into rounds and diamonds. Beat one egg into ½ pint milk, pour into a shallow dish and soak pieces of bread in it for 15 to 20 minutes. Have ready some deep boiling fat, lift the pieces of bread and batter with a slice and fry them each to a light brown. Drain and serve very hot with jam on each piece.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Lois M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

SAVORY VEAL AND APPLE ROLLS

Cut 1lb. fillet veal into 6 fillets equal size, peel and chop finely 1lb. tart apples, mix with ½lb. sausage meat, adding salt, pepper, and chopped parsley.

Divide mixture into 6 parts (equal), and place in centre of each fillet. Dredge with flour, roll up, tie a strip of bacon round each roll, and secure with small skewers. Stand rolls on grid in baking dish and bake ½ hour in hot oven. Mix 2 tablespoons flour into gravy which collects in dish, and stir in about 1 cup boiling water. Lower heat of oven, put rolls into gravy in baking dish, cover tightly, and simmer 1 to 1½ hours longer. Serve with green peas and mashed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Blackwell, Nar Nar Goon, Gippsland, Vic.

MINT CAKES

Make a flaky pastry, roll out thinly, and cut into rounds. Make this filling: Cream 2 tablespoons butter with 4 tablespoons castor sugar, add 1 cup finely-chopped dates, 2 tablespoons chopped mint, and 2 tablespoons minced candied peel. Mix all to a paste, put a little on each half of pastry rounds, and press the other half on top to form a sandwich. Brush each over with beaten egg and brown sugar, place in greased tins and bake in moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. C. Smithers, 2 Hilltop Flats, 224 Clovelly Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

Kitchen Cutouts

BASIC RECIPE No. 13

FRUIT FLUMMERY

ONE tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup water, 1 cup sweetened fruit juice or fruit pulp.

Blend flour and gelatine with a little water until smooth. Add remainder of water. Bring to the boil, stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Add fruit. When cool, but not set, whisk until thick and creamy. Set in a wetted mould or pile into small glass serving dishes. Garnish as liked.

Variations:

Passionfruit Flummery: Add 6 passionfruit, juice and grated rind 1 lemon, and 1 cup sugar.

Orange Flummery: Add rind and juice 2 oranges, 1 lemon, and 1 cup sugar.

Rhubarb Flummery: Add 1 cup cooked sweetened rhubarb pulp and use rhubarb juice instead of water.

Apricot Cream Flummery: Add 1 cup sweetened apricot pulp and use half water and half apricot juice. When whipping, add 2 or 3 tablespoons cream.

Gooseberry Flummery: Use 1 cup sweetened stewed gooseberries and 1 cup strained juice in which the fruit has been stewed.

CUSTARD TART

Pastry: 6oz. plain flour, 3oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg-yolk, salt.

Custard: 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, vanilla or other flavoring, strawberries.

Make pastry by creaming well butter and sugar. Add egg-yolk, then sifted flour, baking powder, salt. Roll out to 1/8th inch thick and line tart-plate. Decorate edges and brush all over thickly with egg-white. Beat eggs and sugar, then add milk and gelatine which has been dissolved in a little boiling water. Spoon this mixture carefully into tart-case (do not pour).

Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then reduce heat to slow (325 deg. F.) and cook for further 30 minutes. When cold, cut into wedges and, if liked, garnish as in picture with sliced strawberries.

Note: If to be cut hot, use 3 or 4 eggs and omit gelatine.

Miss Precious Minutes Says:

SINCE most of us do our own chores, including laundry, and time is precious, table mats are definitely back again. Old damask linen tablecloths with neatly hem-stitched edges make attractive mats. Finish off that tailored look by a satin-stitch dart at each corner, and perhaps one smoothly padded initial.

★ ★ ★

MY housekeeper has taken the end-of-winter look from the front-door mat by giving it a good scrub with warm, slightly soapy water and then rinsing in plenty of cold water (salt in it stiffens the mat bristles). It was then shaken and dried on the lawn. Why not copy!

★ ★ ★

TALKING of mats and carpets, spring cleaning will never go out of fashion. Down on your knees, girls, and go over that carpet square foot by foot. A cloth tightly wrung out in warm, slightly soapy water, then in cold water with vinegar or cloudy ammonia in it to revive the colors, and lastly a rub with a dry cloth. Two basins, one damp and one dry cloth go the rounds.

★ ★ ★

MY enterprising aunt gives linoleum and furniture that new look by using this cream: 2oz. good soap, 2oz. beeswax, and 1oz white wax, all slowly dissolved in 1 pint water. This is removed from the fire and ½ pint turpentine stirred in. Stir occasionally as it slowly sets to a cream. Don't use it on the piano, and don't polish under the mats. I'm told the addition of black soot makes it a good boot polish.

THE GIRL in the picture, Kathryn Grayson, MGM songstress, considers herself some cook, but I wonder if she has learnt the three golden rules of the perfect cook. Here they are: Check your ingredients before you start mixing, stack dishes neatly before you start washing, and clear the kitchen as you work.

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CUP CAKES

. . . for any meal of the day!

● Avalanche of delicious, easy-to-prepare recipes by Olwen Francis, food and cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly . . . Try them all!

WHO said that it was not possible to do more than one thing at a time?

Not the modern, up-to-the minute housewife! . . .

Why, to-morrow's sweet can be cooked with to-day's dinner. To-night's dinner, or part of it, can be cooked with to-day's breakfast.

One batch of cup cakes can serve hot breakfast to-day (it's a good, satisfying American habit), a tea-party to-morrow, and be turned into a luscious dinner sweet the day after.

If you hide the cake tin well there may still be a cake or two over to crumb and stretch a fruit puree sweet or cream jelly a little further. Perhaps!

More than one thing at a time . . . of course. The good housewife is a fuel-saving, time-saving, energy-saving good citizen.

LIGHT PATTY CAKES

(For Breakfast, Dinner, or Tea)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 or 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, flavoring.

Cream butter and sugar well. Beat in eggs, one at a time, and lightly fold in sifted flour alternately with the milk. Add flavoring. Cook in greased patty tins in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

For Breakfast: Add 1 cup bran and an extra ½ cup milk. Flavor with grated orange rind and serve with honey-flavored butter balls.

For Dinner: Scoop centre and pile with cream or jellied fruit cream or prepared fruit, and serve as a dinner sweet.

For Tea: Top with a small circle of soft icing flavored with orange or lemon rind. Decorate daintily, if liked, with piped flowers or chopped nuts or dainty fresh flowers such as violet or primrose or sweet-pea.

SALAD NUT CAKES

(With Crisp Celery and Radishes for Lunch)

Four ounces self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons bran, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1½ tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, pepper and salt. Add bran, nuts, and cheese, and stir to a soft mixture with the melted butter, beaten egg, and milk. Cook in deep greased patty tins in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Serve freshly made, with or without butter and with crisp salad vegetables, for luncheon.

ORANGE SAND CAKES

(Rich little cakes for special occasions. Garnish in season with fragrant orange blossom)

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 eggs, 3 dessertspoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange and lemon rind.

Cream the butter and sugar well, and beat in the eggs, one at a time. Add the fruit rind and then the well-sifted flour and baking powder alternately with the juice. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. When cold, ice with a rough lemon frosting, sharply flavored.

RHUBARB DINNER CAKES

(M-m-m-m!! Delicious for Dinner)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 or 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup rhubarb, diced very small, ½ cup milk, little nutmeg, if liked, 1 tablespoon chopped peanuts (may be omitted).

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar, and then rhubarb and orange rind. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Cook in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream, custard, or rhubarb sauce.

WHOLEMEAL PRUNE POPOVERS

(Serve them Hot for Breakfast or Dinner)

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup plain flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar (preferably brown), 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, ½ cup chopped prunes.

Sift dry ingredients and add chopped prunes. Mix in lightly beaten egg, milk, and melted butter. Two-thirds fill deep patty tins, well greased, and cook in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

LEMON APPLE CAKES

(Try them Hot with Lemon Curd or Cold in the Luncheon Box)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 2 apples, ½ teaspoon cinnamon mixed with 1½ tablespoons sugar.

Sift flour, rub in butter, and mix in the sugar and lemon rind. Mix to a soft dough with the beaten egg and milk. Fill greased patty tins two-thirds full. Peel, core, and slice apples. Arrange a small wheel of 3 or 4 apple slices on each muffin and sprinkle with the mixed sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes.

CORNMEAL ORANGE CAKES

(Nutty flavored and light for any meal of the day)

One cup plain flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup honey, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 or 2 eggs, ⅔ cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Sift flour, cornmeal, salt and baking powder. Add orange rind and stir to a soft mixture with the honey, melted butter, beaten egg and milk. Two-thirds fill deep greased patty tins and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

ONE MIXING in the bowl, one heating of the oven, and out came these hot cup cakes for breakfast, fruit cream sweets for dinner, iced patties for tea. Yes, the fixings were done after cooling . . . Caps were left on strawberries just for the sake of the picture.

SAVORY BREAKFAST MUFFINS

(Piping Hot, with Parsley Butter Balls, for Breakfast)

Half cup bran, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped ham or 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 egg.

Soak bran in the milk and soda while preparing other ingredients. Sift flour, salt and pepper. Rub in butter and add parsley and chopped ham. Stir to a soft mixture with bran, milk, and beaten egg. Two-thirds fill deep greased cake patty tins. Cook in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Serve hot with parsley butter balls.

CARAMEL BANANA CAKES

(Little brown cakes even nicer after a day or two)

Three ounces sugar (preferably brown), 3oz. butter or good dripping, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 mashed bananas (small and fairly soft), 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream the butter and sugar well. Beat in the egg, lemon rind, and juice, and then the banana. Add the sifted flour and baking powder, and lastly the soda, in the milk. Cook in deep cup tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with a lemon or caramel sauce or cold with a lemon or caramel frosting.

DARK, FRUITY, CUP CAKES

(Serve with brandy sauce for special occasions. If allowed, will keep well!)

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar (brown or white), 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon caramel (or to taste), 2 eggs, 1/3rd cup sherry, milk or fruit juice, 12oz. mixed fruit, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Sift flour and spice. Cream butter and sugar, add lemon rind and caramel, and then well-beaten eggs. Fold in flour, alternately with liquid, and then lightly mix in fruit. Lastly, add soda dissolved in 1 dessertspoon of water. Cook in deep, greased patty tins in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes.

CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

(Serve Hot with Marshmallow Sauce)

One cup castor sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup melted butter, ½ cup milk, ½ cup boiling water, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 egg.

Mix sugar and sifted flour with the melted butter, milk, and cocoa which has been dissolved in the boiling water. Stir thoroughly and beat in lightly the well-whisked egg. Cook in greased patty tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot for dinner or cold for tea.

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ABOVE: Not roses around the door, but a banana passionfruit. All through the year it lends charm to the entrance of this home, and in its appointed season yields a bounteous crop of luscious fruit.

More about...

VEGETABLES

● You want to grow succulent, full - flavored vegetables? Of course you do! In our issue of August 22 our Home Gardener told you how to prepare the soil. This article tells all about seed-bed and seed-box preparation.

WHILE crops such as peas, beans, carrots, parsnips, radishes, kohlrabi, sweet corn, turnips, swedes, and, to a lesser extent, beetroots need to be sown where they are to spend their whole lives, many other vegetables are transplantable.

In this category come broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, cape gooseberry, capsicum, celeriac, celery, egg-plant, endive, herbs, leeks, lettuce, okra, onion, rosella, silver beet, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, and rhubarb.

When the spring weather has warmed up these plants can mostly be shifted to permanent outdoor positions from the seed-bed or boxes in which they were raised in late winter. The preparation of these beds and boxes is important, particularly during times of extreme seed shortage.

Don't hurry because your seeds have arrived from the store. Make up your seed-boxes first, of all. Use timber ¾-inch thick and about 3ins. wide. Then cut it up to make flats not more than 3ins. deep, 10 or 12ins. wide, and 18 to 20ins. long. Bigger boxes are too heavy and difficult to handle when full of wet soil and growing plants.

Bore about a dozen holes in the bottom for drainage and place about one inch of coarse gravel or broken crocks in the boxes first.

This layer should be covered over with sphagnum moss or peat moss to prevent the drainage material being choked with the fine soil you will place on top. Then fill in with a mixture of one-third each of good garden loam, fine sand, and leaf mould. This should be sterilised over a fire first of all in order to rid it of weed seeds, eggs of pests, and fungi spores.

Sterilisation can also be carried out by pouring a quantity of boiling water over the soil. It should be allowed to cool off before the seed is sown.

Then level off the soil and firm down well with a piece of flat board. Over this you scatter the seed, either broadcast or in shallow drills.

Large seeds can be set by hand and pressed down into the soil. Smaller seeds need only a dusting of the soil and then a gentle tamping.

Some gardeners give the seed a dusting over of a mixture of clean sand, crushed charcoal, and sieved peat moss.

If the soil has been well damped before filling in the box, no more water will be needed for another day or two after the seed has been well firmed down to place into direct contact with the seed-bed soil.

The seed-boxes should then be covered with a sheet of glass over which a newspaper is placed for shade. Moistening should be carried out from time to time with an atomiser or fly-spray syringe.

When the seed germinates and is clearly visible above ground, the paper should be removed.

As the seedlings increase in size the glass should be gradually raised in order to harden off the plants. If this is not done they will be thin, poor, and spindly.

The procedure is much the same with outdoor beds as with seed-boxes, except that the soil needs much more careful preparation. It should be of medium fertility, not too rich or too poor. Dig it over well first, but do not add manure.

A little superphosphate may be added if of doubtful fertility.

Firm lightly and water well. Then cultivate for a week or two in order to destroy all weeds. Then firm well and sow, covering the seed with good light, friable soil which will not crust or cake when wetted.

In cold districts seeds of soft summer annual vegetables such as beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, melons should not be sown outdoors until frosts are over.

The next article will deal with planting out, watering, and feeding.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Healthy baby makes a happy mother

DURING the early months of a baby's life the problem that causes many a young and inexperienced mother most concern is irregularity in the functioning of baby's bowels.

As faulty elimination is the primary cause of most health problems in later life, it is necessary that the mother should understand the importance of not allowing her baby to become constipated or getting into the habit of giving aperients regularly to correct irregularity.

The cause of the trouble must always be sought, and all natural means of restoring regularity must be tried.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six *extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

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Plans for your Dream Home...

● You all remember the Dream Home which The Australian Women's Weekly presented to the Red Cross.

Now we make available to you the architect's plans and specifications plus 16 views of the glorious home.

THIS family-size home, which was planned, built, furnished, and presented to the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly, so captured the imagination of homemakers that it became the ambition of thousands of Australians to build one like it.

All through the year letters have come asking for the plans. "As soon as the war is over," the majority said, "we will build ourselves a replica of your beautiful Dream Home."

In answer to all these requests, The Australian Women's Weekly has had prepared a beautifully-printed folder containing the architect's ground floor, first floor, and elevation plans, specifications for erection and completion of this home.

There are two exterior views of the home reproduced in full color, and sixteen views showing the modernly-equipped kitchen, laundry, and bathroom, the furnished dining and living rooms, main bedroom, girl's and boy's rooms, entrance hall and stairway, patio and playroom, garage, etc.

This folder is obtainable for 2/3 from the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly, or 2/6 posted to any address throughout Australia. All proceeds go to the Red Cross.

ABOVE you see a section of the Dream Home, showing more particularly the spacious terrace. The shutter-finished windows on the top floor frame views for the three bedrooms. Plans and specifications for this lovely home now obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly. See story.

GLIMPSE of the modern kitchen in the Dream Home. In the foreground you are shown a section of the sunny breakfast alcove. Cupboard space and natural lighting are outstanding features of this room.

POCKET THE SAVING!

Save on dentifrice too, and pocket the change. You get over ¼-lb. of the finest tooth paste, free from grit and waste, in the large tube of

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Every atom does a grand cleaning job. That's why you need less on the brush, and why a tube lasts so long. And it's the *only* dentifrice that contains the antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germ with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

MEDICO SAYS . . .

Influenza *no trivial disease*

● Treat it with due respect. If neglected, it can lead to dangerous complications.

NO matter how trivial a cold may seem in the beginning, it is always best to "doctor" it immediately.

If fever is present, the patient should remain in bed. Bear in mind that a few days' rest in bed may check the progress of what at first appears as a trivial cold, but which actually is the beginning of an influenza attack.

The victim of influenza usually complains of chilly sensations, fever and prostration. If such signs are present, rest in bed and medical attention are urgent.

Frequently there is a dry hacking cough with pain in the chest.

Influenza in and of itself may be a mild disease. But it must never be accepted as a trivial thing.

Too often, if neglected, it leads to dangerous complications. It is especially serious when it afflicts the very young and the aged.

The sufferer from influenza should be kept away from other members of the family.

Let me urge upon you that the disease in its acute state is highly contagious, rapidly spreading from one person to another.

Complete rest in bed, proper nourishment and the taking of medicines prescribed by the doctor are essential if rapid recovery is to be expected.

Early attention will prevent such complications as pneumonia, middle-ear infections, nasal sinusitis, bronchitis, and other serious infections.

Great strides have been made in research in this field. But still the common cold, grippe and influenza puzzle us.

The actual cause of these disorders is still unknown.

But it is possible to guard against infection of the nose, throat and upper portion of the breathing equipment and in the beginning to control them.

And although even a trivial cold may not seem serious it often has a most devitalising effect on the patient after the cold has gone.

Every woman who has ever suffered from a bad cold knows how it detracts from her looks—how her skin, hair and eyes all seem to lose their usual healthy appearance, while vitality itself is greatly lowered.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III.

Mrs. A. J. Drexel III. . . . a name which represents generations of culture, wealth and distinction in America . . . has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. She says, "I cleanse my skin night and morning with Pond's Cold Cream. Then when my skin is all fresh, I spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight softening, or for a powder base when I'm going out.

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THE NECKLINE is a feature of this pretty handknit. It would be just as sweet made in any other color.

FOR A SPRING DAY

● This smart cardigan has been specially designed for you to wear on those sharp, golden days that lie ahead of us.

MATERIALS required: 6 skeins Sunbeam super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (blue); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 12; 10 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20ins. Bust, 32/34ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5½ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; m, make; psso, pass slipstitch over.

Tension: 13 sts., 2ins; 17 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 106 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 1, psso., k 4, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 4, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

2nd and Alternate Rows: P.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 1, psso., k 3 (m 1, k 3) twice, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 1, psso., k 2, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

7th Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 1, psso., k 1, m 1, k 7, m 1, k 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 1, psso., m 1, k 9, m 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

11th Row: K.

12th Row: P.

Repeat last 12 rows, and when work measures 12½ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times (80 sts.). When armholes measure 7ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, then cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: Work 54 sts. in pattern (k 1, p 1) 5 times.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, work in pattern to end of row.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 10 border sts. in ribbing, and when work measures 12½ins. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When work measures 18ins. cast off 16 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 7ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end, and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being on the 3rd and 4th rows, and 9 more 2ins. apart.

3rd Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, cast off 3 sts. Work to end of row.

4th Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: P twice into each of the first 4 sts., * p 3, p twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row (93 sts.). Work in pattern for 4ins., then cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until decreased to 22 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams, using No. 12 needles, with right side of work towards you, commencing and ending half-way across each border, pick up and k 106 sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew buttons on left front.

THE ATTRACTIVE PANEL introduced into the gloves lifts them out of the ordinary class. Anyone who can knit a pair of socks can make these with ease.

Lacy gloves knitted on two needles

THIS enchanting pair of woollen gloves is ideal for cold weather, and so simple to make. Each lace-panelled glove is knitted in one piece on two needles.

Materials: 2oz. Paton's super-fingering 3-ply, pair of No. 13 knitting needles.

Tension and Measurements: Worked at a tension of 10 stitches to the inch in width on the plain knitting these gloves will fit a hand taking size 6 in skin gloves.

This is a small size for a change, but No. 12 needles will make the next size larger, or sts. may be increased after the wristlet and these extra sts. divided equally between the back of hand and the palm. On the back the extra sts. must be knitted plain at each side of the pattern so as to avoid interfering with the centre leaf panel.

Abbreviations: K, knit plain; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, make (by bringing the wool to the front of the needle and over it before knitting the next st., or by bringing the wool to the front of the needle, over it, and to the front again, before working a p st.); sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped st. over; inc., increase (by working into the front and back of the same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); st.-st. stocking-stitch (k on the right side and p back); single rib is k 1 and p 1 alternately. Directions in brackets are worked the number of times stated after the brackets.

TO WORK THE LEFT-HAND GLOVE

Begin at the wrist and cast on 50 sts. Work 36 rows in single rib.

Now begin the pattern as follows:

1st Row: K 26 for the st.-st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., k 3, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 5, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 6.

2nd Row: P 4, p 2 tog., m 1, p 14, p 2 tog., m 1, p 2, which finishes the pattern, then p 26.

3rd Row: K 26, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., k 1, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 4, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 6.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: K 26, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., m 1, k 5, m 1, k 3, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 6.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: K 20, inc. in the next st. to begin the thumb gusset, k 2, inc. for second outline of gusset, k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., k 5, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 6.

8th Row: P 4, p 2 tog., m 1, p 14, p 2 tog., m 1, p 30.

9th Row: K 28, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., k 4, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 6.

10th Row: As 8th row.

11th Row: K 20, inc., k 4, inc., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, k 2 tog., k 3, m 1, k 5, m 1, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 6.

12th Row: P 4, p 2 tog., m 1, p 14, p 2 tog., m 1, p 32.

These 12 rows form the lace pattern, so repeat them twice more, but on every 3rd, 7th, and 11th pattern row inc. 2 sts. on the thumb gusset, working 2 sts. more in st.-st. between the increases after every inc. row and allowing for these extra sts. on subsequent rows (66 sts.). The first row of the second pattern will begin with k 30 for the st.-st. because 4 gusset increases have been made, and it is a good plan for beginners to add the number of sts. increased after every inc. row and put that number down on paper. It will then be easy to remember to k the right number at the beginning or right-side rows, and to purl the corresponding number at the end of wrong-side rows. All inc. rows will begin with k 20 as on the 7th row of the first pattern because the extra sts. are counted between the two inc. points.

Continued on page 31

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For you and your home

- Crisp organdie tea-time set
- Dainty crepe-de-chine blouse

THIS new and novel tea-time set, consisting of traycloth, tea-cosy, and three serviettes, will brighten up any tray!

The set is available from our Needlework Department with the design clearly traced on good quality organdie in shades of white, blue, pink, lemon, and green. The motif, although so effective, is very simple to do, for it is worked in easy stem-stitch, and the edges are buttonholed for cutwork.

The complete set costs 7/6, plus 6½d. extra for postage. Individually the prices are: Traycloth, 2/9, tea-cosy, 3/6, and serviettes, 1/- each.

* * *

WHY not start spring with this sweet little blouse which is designed to make you look as pretty as a picture?

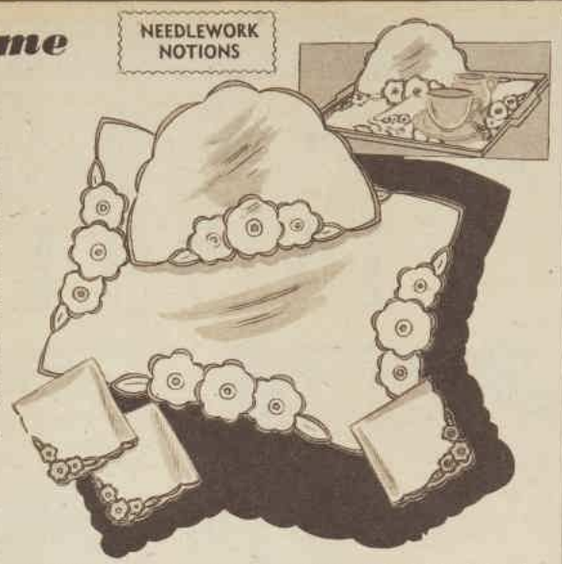
The blouse (No. 252) is available from our Needlework Department traced on softest crepe-de-chine in white, sky, and pink, ready to cut out and make up. The design is all you could wish for, for it features small Peter Pan collar with scalloped edge and scalloped front fastening. The sleeves are short, well extended, and also finished with the scalloped edge. A simple embroidery motif finishes the bodice.

It comes to you in sizes to fit 32 to 34in. busts, 9/11, and 6½d. extra for postage, and 36 and 38in. busts, 11/6, plus 6½d. for postage. Six coupons only are required.

A paper pattern for the design is available for 1/4.

No. 252.—When ordering this blouse, please state whether you require it in white, sky, or pink crepe-de-chine, and quote number.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



ABOVE you are shown a close-up of the simple, dainty design that decorates our organdie tea-time set. Read all about it on this page.

LACY GLOVES

Continued from page 30

THE THUMB

K 40, turn, p 17, turn and cast on 4 sts.

Work 32 rows in st.-st. on these 21 sts., or for length required.

TO SHAPE THE TOP

K 2 tog. and k 1 alternately to the end of the row, turn and p 1 row. Turn and k 2 tog. along the row.

Break off the wool, leaving a long end, which thread through the remaining sts.; draw up closely and fasten off, leaving enough wool to sew up the thumb seam.

THE HAND CONTINUED

Holding the work with the right side facing, pick up and k 5 sts. from the base of the thumb with the needle holding 23 plain sts., then work the remaining 26 sts. from the back of the hand, keeping 20 sts. in lace pattern (54 sts.).

ENCORE . . . for knitted blanket wool coat

- You've asked again and again for directions . . . here they are!

ON March 21 we featured among others a red blanket wool coat. This coat in an attractive basket-stitch has been tremendously popular.

To satisfy the urgent requests of so many readers who have telephoned, telegraphed, and written us for directions, we repeat them herewith:

Materials Required: 7 skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof blanket wool, shade No. 2138 (red). 1 pr. No. 3 needles. 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23ins. Bust, 32-34ins. Length of sleeve seam, 6ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 7 sts., 2ins.; 9 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 3 needles cast on 64 sts. Work the 1st row following into back of sts.

1st Row: K 4, * p 8, k 4. Repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 4, * k 8, p 4. Repeat from * to end.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows.

5th Row: P 6, * k 4, p 8. Repeat from * to last 10 sts., k 4, p 6.

6th Row: K 6, * p 4, k 8. Repeat from * to last 10 sts., p 4, k 6.

Repeat 5th and 6th rows.

Repeat last 8 rows, and when work measures 15ins. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 7 inches shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 3 needles cast on 40 sts. Work in pattern for 15 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 5 inches cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. Work 1 row. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of the next row. Repeat last 2 rows until decreased to 16 sts. When armhole measures 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles cast on 40 sts. Work in pattern for 6 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. When work measures 6 inches from 1st decrease cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work remaining 12 sts. for 2 inches. Cast off. Stitch the 9 cast off sts. to side of sts. worked for 2 inches.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles cast on 28 sts. Work in pattern for 3½ inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 40 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19 inches shape the same as top of short sleeves.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 3 needles cast on 28 sts. Work in pattern for 5 inches. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front, around neck, lower edge of coat, sleeves and pockets. Sew on pockets.

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

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SUFFERERS FROM

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (6/2½ posted) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 272 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

A 271

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(Illustration is taken from Book 151)

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Thanks Mrs. Wilson!

Mrs. Wilson is giving her Vegemite to the fighting forces

When you go without your Vegemite, you are helping Australia's War Effort. It seems strange, doesn't it? But here's how it happens. Most of the Vegemite we can make is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B^1, B^2, and P.P. (the anti-pellagric factor). That is why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas — these three vitamins are essential to physical fitness.

So remember, that until we have won this war, stocks of Vegemite will be limited. All the Vegemite we can spare is going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia to victory.

VEGEMITE

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"HOME IS THE PLACE FOR FAMILY WASHING"

Here we present your Laundry of to-morrow where effortless supervision of tireless electric servants ousts the back-breaking tasks of wash-day; where the Hotpoint washing machine gives new-like cleanliness; where an electric wringer saves armache; where an electric tumbler dryer eliminates pegging on the line and dependance on the weather; where you sit comfortably to direct the ironing. All this, and the cheerful effect of order with spotless cleanliness of surroundings. The plan of the practical Laundry is inspired by Hotpoint Electric Servants whose indispensable value in the scheme of modern living has been proved by actual experience in Australian homes.

But VICTORY must come first. Please don't be disappointed if your Hotpoint Distributor says, "Sorry, no stocks." It is because the men and materials normally employed by Australian General Electric in the manufacture of Hotpoint Electric Servants are now needed for armaments and vital services . . . a part in the war effort which Hotpoint is proud to play.

When Victory comes Hotpoint Electric Servants will be again available for people who will wisely make Home the Place for Family Washing.

THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC SEWING CENTRE

The combination of Sewing room and Laundry is not only most logical but overcomes the need of a special room for sewing. Here a Hotpoint Electric Sewing Machine eliminates tiresome treadling. Commodious drawers and handy Hotpoint Iron, with Ironing Board which swivels out of sight, make a compactly arranged sewing and mending centre.

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